

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 21, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

WHAT'S THE PHILADELPHIA STORY?

George McGinnis of the
Puzzling 76ers





**I don't let anything
get in the way
of my enjoyment.**

So when I'm smoking I head straight
for Salem Longs. There's nothing halfway
about it. I get extra length, smooth flavor
and menthol. Salem's my enjoyment.

Salem Longs.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. 75

Introducing the GM car stereo system
that's really a conversation piece.



Delco's CB and Stereo.



Now you can enjoy factory-installed two-way Citizens Band radio and AM/FM stereo in your new GM car. It's Delco's new 40-channel CB and Stereo . . . built right into the dash. And that means greater theft resistance.

What a combination! You enjoy the smooth sound of Delco Stereo and the world of CB. In fact, it lets you listen to stereo while the Citizens Band is open for receiving. A special priority override feature cuts out the music during a CB broadcast. And the broadcast comes over loud and clear through your car's audio system!

The Delco CB transceiver has a channel selector with illuminated digital readout, squelch control, AM-FM-CB mode selector and controls for volume and tone. It's combined

with a beautiful Delco AM/FM stereo system . . . all factory-installed.

Ask for Delco's new CB and Stereo on selected new Buick, Cadillac, Oldsmobile, and Pontiac models. Ask about Delco's new Digital Clock Stereo too. And tell your GM dealer you want "Delco-GM" on the dial, whatever sound system you want. That will assure you of GM quality.

**Delco
Electronics**



Division of General Motors
Kokomo, Indiana

Stay with GM quality. Tell your dealer "Delco."

TR7. THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD TODAY

\$4995*



TRIUMPH

Besides an attractive price, there are other compelling reasons for owning a TR7. For example:

Consider its performance. TR7 won the Sports Car Club of America's Northeast Divisional Championship. An almost unheard-of feat after only a few months of competition. And racing against such veterans as Lotus, Datsun and Porsche.

Consider its comfort. TR7 offers something most sports cars don't: Room. The cockpit is wider than the Corvette's or the Z-car's. And, since fabric doesn't retain heat or cold like vinyl, its seats are covered with fabric where you sit and vinyl where you don't. Motor Trend singled it out as: "One of the most comfortable two-seaters we've experienced."

Consider what you get. Two-liter overhead cam engine. Rack and pinion

steering. Vacuum-assisted front disc brakes. Rear window defogger. MacPherson strut front suspension. Steel belted radial tires and full instrumentation.

TR7. At \$4,995; how can you afford not to own it. For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call 800-447-4700. In Illinois call 800-322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

*Base P.O.E. sticker price, 1976 models. Transportation, local taxes and preparation extra.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
TR7

FRIDAY NITE FIGHTS ARE BACK ON TV...NOW YOU'LL KNOW THE DECISION BEFORE THE FIGHTERS DO!!!

**FRIDAY NIGHT FIGHTS ARE BACK
ON TELEVISION* EVERY WEEK FOR
25 CONSECUTIVE WEEKS.**

Watch the best fighters in the USA fight their way
through the eliminations, semi-finals to the World
Television Championships.

**NOW YOU WILL KNOW THE DECISION
BEFORE THE FIGHTERS DO WITH THE
REVOLUTIONARY NEW COMPUSCORE-**

The round by round scoring system that flashes the
score on your TV screen at the end of each round.

Sanctioned by WORLD TELEVISION COUNCIL OF BOXING

**BLOW BY BLOW BY "MR. BLOWING"
DON DUNPHY**

whose name has been a household word returns to
ringside to call the blow-by-blow action of the new
World Television Champions.



**PRESENTED BY
WORLD TELEVISION
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*Check your local papers for TV station listings and time in your area.



One of the few gifts designed to last a lifetime.

New York Life's Special-occasion Policy.

Clothes wear out. Appliances break. But life insurance, as a gift for a young family, can provide financial security as long as they live.

Among the New York Life plans that make ideal gifts for a son or daughter and their families is one called Split-Dollar. You, the parent, pay the premiums. But, if the young breadwinner dies, the plan calls for you and the family

to share the proceeds in a way that assures you will receive at least the premiums you have paid. They will receive the balance.

The young family is protected. Yet, they retain their independence and pride. And you may be freed of a potential financial burden.

Our special-occasion policy. A good idea to talk over with your New York Life Agent soon.

We guarantee tomorrow today.



Lots of people make good golf balls. Why should you choose the Royal Master?



There really aren't any "bad" golf balls in your pro shop. Not because some aren't made, but a golf professional wouldn't give them space.

But, different balls are designed for different kinds of players. Royal, for example, offers five different golf balls...more than any other maker. One of our balls, the Royal Master, has quickly become our best-selling ball because it satisfies the needs of more golfers.

THE ROYAL MASTER®

The Royal Master is a Surlyn® covered two-piece ball.

This construction provides maximum durability and most players get more distance because of the dimple configuration. The Master has a special blended Kadite® core material that narrows the compression range.

THE WAY IT PLAYS

The aerodynamic dimple pattern provides more lift. The average player will find it easy to get the ball up in the air, with good distance off the tee but not too much roll for accurate iron shots to the green.

SPECIAL FEATURES

The cover point for the Master is setting new standards for a long-lasting bright whiteness. Particularly important on a ball as durable as the Master.

Other balls with a similar construction include the Top-Flite, Omega and Moline. We believe that you will discover more "feel" in our blended Surlyn® cover without sacrificing any of the advantages of this type of golf ball.

The more you know about golf balls, the better off you'll be. And the more you know about our golf balls the better off we'll be.



ROYAL

If you would like more information about any Royal golf ball, please write: Royal Golf, Dept. 574M, 6 Rubber Ave., Naugatuck, Ct. 06770.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Roy Blount Jr., whose article on sporting Atlanta begins on page 74, has sent us an addendum on how things have been going for the city since he left it to its own devices 18 years ago.

"Writing about Atlanta gave me a chance to come to grips with my home downtown. Not my hometown—I grew up in Decatur, right outside Atlanta—but downtown Atlanta, the scene of our major cultural and commercial pursuits. We would shop for reliable clothes at Rich's, eat the best of all possible chili dogs at The Varsity, hold high school formal at the Biltmore and watch first-run movies in splendor at the Fox. The Fox is huge, and when the lights go out, floating clouds and blinking stars appear on the ceiling. I never felt that Atlanta was lacking in delights, back in the '50s.

"No doubt everyone's home downtown changes. You can't go home downtown again. But I thought the set-

tings of one's youth were supposed to seem tacky and shrunken when you revisited them. I walk around downtown Atlanta now and feel as though it is looking at me nostalgically. 'That's the kind of schump they used to have around here,' chuckles one fantastic new hotel to another. The city has gone from underdeveloped to overdeveloped while I was still learning how to write a sentence that could stand beside a Varsity chili dog with onions. Many of its old glories are faded. The owners of the Fox are trying, in the face of sentimental public opposition, to tear the old place down. Atlanta sports have gone major league and lost their distinction.

"Baseball used to be the Southern Association (Class AA) Crackers. You could buy peanuts in real paper bags, and you could watch a mixture of re-treads, stripings and distinguished small-timers play lively local ball.

"Football was Georgia Tech. The Yellow Jackets represented virtues that I learned to admire at a formative age. Like Brer Rabbit, they were quick, small, wily, mobile, loose and able somehow to beat meaner, more structured and ponderous teams. They would win in small, droll ways. I was at Grant Field the day little Jackie Rudolph tackled Alabama Running Back Bobby Marlow, about instep high, to save a Tech victory. One second Marlow was soaring, outlined against the sky, and the next second, as it seemed to me, Jackie had snatched him from the horizon by the feet.

"During the late '60s and early '70s Atlanta was soaring like Marlow. It seems to me fitting that recession has pulled it back down to earth somewhat, but the kind of optimism that transformed my old minor league downtown is still at work in Atlanta. The President is from Georgia, isn't he? The other day an Atlantan suggested that a major depression was going to hit the nation. 'That's all right,' another Atlantan said. 'Jimmy will stop it at the state line.'"



BLOUNT ON THE PROWL FOR CHILI DOGS

Sack me up

Give our country a college education.

As an Army ROTC graduate, you bring more than training and



Another reason we value your education so highly is that the people you'll be leading are better educated and more highly motivated than ever before. This makes your job as an Army officer more of a challenge.

To help you meet this challenge when you get out of school, we'll help you while you're in by giving you a living allowance of up to \$1,000 each school year for your last two years of college.

There are also opportunities for scholarships that cover tuition, books and lab fees.

That way, you can make the most of your education. And when you graduate, our country can make the most of it too.

gold bars to your new job in the Army.

You also bring a college education which makes you one of our country's most valuable assets. Why? One reason is the wealth of experiences and ideas you bring with you. This enables the Army to better relate to an ever-changing society.

And since you'll be an Army officer, you'll have plenty of opportunities to put your ideas to work. In fact, you'll be running your own show, right out of college.

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ARMY ROTC. LEARN WHAT IT TAKES TO LEAD.

TO WIN, IT HELPS TO HAVE OUR SUPPORT.

And the Royal #1 is the kind of shoe that really gets behind you.

From the high rise back right down to the shock-proof arch cushion and heel, the Royal #1 is designed for support.

For even more support, the collar is fully padded in comfortable foam—a feature that you won't find in any other canvas basketball shoe.

So if you're looking for support, why settle for #2? When there's the Royal #1.

UNIROYAL



Shopwalk

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

PUT A ROTOR ON THE ROOF, SPORTSMEN, AND YOU'VE GOT A CABIN IN THE SKY

Look again. It isn't a bird and it isn't a plane. It's a Heli-Home. And if this contraption isn't the ultimate in sporting luxury, it's right up there. Depending on how you approach it, the Heli-Home is a helicopter with a built-in home, or a home with a built-on rotor. On the outside it looks pretty much like a conventional copier. But on the inside it is outfitted like a luxurious motor home, complete with kitchen, bar, color TV, tape deck and speakers, deep pile carpeting, air conditioning, furnace and sleeping accommodations for four.

The Heli-Home can plunk sportsmen down in spots where light planes dare not go, from big-game hideouts in the backwoods to hidden lakes or fishing streams. Skiers have been helicoptering to the tops of undeveloped mountains for years, the better to find untracked powder, but they've always had to be back in the base lodge before dark. With Heli-Home they can spend the night parked on a ridge, warmed by a 40,000-BTU furnace, soothed by soft music and sated by a sizzling sizzler in the microwave oven—and then break up the next morning's snow before anybody else is awake.

Heli-Home is the creation of Fred Clark of Orlando, Fla., a 45-year-old ex-helicopter pilot who is now in the business of refurbishing used government copiers for civilian resale. He works mainly with the 42-foot Sikorsky S-55 and the slightly larger S-58, two old workhorses which are to helicopters what the DC-3 is to airplanes. Like the latter, both are built to last nearly indefinitely with proper maintenance and replacement of components. Because of the prohibitively high cost of new helicopters (which may sell for more than \$1 million), there is great demand for remanufactured machines for use as air ambulances and passenger ferries and in construction work.

Clark's decision to turn out a copter strictly for leisure was prompted by the recent boom in self-contained motor travel. Sales of motor homes—including those luxury models in the \$30,000-to-\$40,000 range—have soared in recent years despite a sometimes shaky economy and increasing fuel costs. This convinced Clark that the leisure-oriented traveler of the '70s was willing to pay a premium for mobility, comfort and freedom from schedules and reservations. Total independence from the hassles of highway travel was the key. Private airplanes provide such freedom, true, but they are restricted by airports,

runways and FAA regulations. Besides, who ever heard of landing a Comanche on top of Old Baldy? Clark decided he had a notion worth pursuing.

A year and a half ago he placed two teaser ads to test its merits, one in an aircraft magazine, the other in a medical magazine. The latter was chosen on the theory that doctors have money to spend on leisure. Although the ads appeared only once, they drew more than 500 inquiries. Clark then went to Winnebago, one of the country's largest manufacturers of motor homes, which put its design and marketing forces to work transforming the Sikorsky into a luxury rotor-motor home. Winnebago knew exactly what the affluent camper wanted. The model it came up with, which is being marketed under its Itasca Division trademark, proved to be the hit of a sports and vacation show at Los Angeles' Dodger Stadium last November.

"Everybody who saw it flipped," says Winnebago's Frank Roma. "It's a natural for the sportsman who wants the ultimate in mobility, for surveyors or construction people who need to fly to remote locations and live on the job. Or for entertainers, say, rock singers or country-and-Western groups who perform in a different town every night and want to move quickly from place to place."

The Heli-Home cruises at 100 to 110 mph, has an outside range of 3½ hours and burns regular 100-octane aviation fuel. FAA regulations do not require private helicopters to land and take off from licensed helipads; as long as the pilot respects the safety and rights of the landowner—and preferably has his permission—he can put down just about anywhere within reason.

If he intends to operate his own cabin in the sky, the buyer will need to acquire a helicopter pilot's rating—a fixed-wing license alone won't do—which entails a 50-hour training program.

The flight deck of the Heli-Home is located on a separate level above the living area and contains all the standard aircraft instrumentation and equipment, including such items as dual flight controls, a VOR navigation indicator and an emergency locator transmitter. Access to the main living area is through a stairway passage in the bathroom.

Because no two Heli-Homes are exactly alike, there is no need to worry about parking next to one just like yours. All are custom-ordered, with a delivery time of 120 days. Fabrics, upholstery, accessories and interior and exterior colors are the buyer's choice, as are such options as gun cases, fishing-rod holders, ski racks and wine racks. The price tag for all this luxury? A Heli-Home, ready to fly you to your favorite wilderness spot, sells for \$300,000 with a Wright R-1820-84, 1,525-hp radial engine or \$840,000 with twin Pratt and Whitney turbine engines. No discounts for His-and-Hers models. **END**



Oil color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Karl Dorn, 1972. (11" x 16" and 32" x 40" and 48" x 72" size, N.Y. 10005)

Wild Turkey Lore:

Wild Turkeys are masters of camouflage and evasion.

A large flock of birds will lie quietly within yards of a man passing through the forest, and never be seen.

The Wild Turkey is truly a native bird, unique to America. And it is the unique symbol of the finest native whiskey in America—Wild Turkey.



WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.

© 1977 Austin Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky

THE INCREDIBLE, UNDER \$3200

If the price doesn't make a be



A \$3200 car with a rear window wiper and washer? And rear window defroster? You wouldn't expect such things on such an inexpensive car. But then, the GLC comes with all sorts of unexpected surprises.

An ingenious device automatically scoots the passenger side front seat forward, making it easy for people to get in and out of the back seat.

It may be the most considerate thing that ever happened to rear seat passengers.



Believe it or not, there's a small economy car that gives you a choice of three transmissions. GLC gives you a choice of a standard 4-speed manual transmission, or optional 5-speed or smooth automatic.



Would you believe an electrically operated hatch that unlatches automatically with a button just below the dashboard? That's something no other car in America offers—at any price. Think of the convenience. A hatch that opens from inside the car—as well as opening from the outside. Slick, huh?



PISTON-ENGINE MAZDA GLC.*

ver out of you, the goodies will.

An amazing split-rear seat that no other car in GLC's class offers. It gives you a choice between carrying people—or people and packagee—or just packagee. And the rear seats fold flat—there are no humps (like some cars have) to drive you crazy when you're loading things onto the deck. What's more, the deck is fully carpeted.



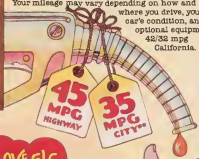
GLC means GREAT LITTLE CAR

Under \$3800 refers to the Deluxe model shown here. GLC prices start at under \$2900 for the standard model with fewer features (slightly higher in California and certain high altitude areas). Taxes, license, freight and optional equipment are extra.

A turning radius that's shorter than short. GLC beats Honda CVCC, Chevrolet Chevette, and VW Rabbit in turning radius. If you think parking just any small car is easy, wait'll you see how easy it is to park the GLC.



**Naturally, these are EPA estimates, and they're based on the optional 5-speed transmission. Your mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition, and optional equipment. 42/32 mpg California.



TEST LOVE GLC
IT'LL MAKE A BELIEVER OUT OF YOU

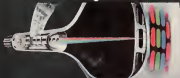


mazda

Why horror movies are more horrible on the Quintrix II color picture tube.



An extra prefocus lens for sharpness. Plus an in-line tube for brightness and contrast.



Blood is bloodier. Fangs are sharper. Claws are crueler. You'll love it.

How did Panasonic do it?

First of all, the extra prefocus lens. Only Quintrix has it. It concentrates the electron beam for our sharpest picture ever.

And now Quintrix II.™

To our extra prefocus lens Quintrix II adds an in-line picture tube. With a slotted shadow mask. A phosphor strip screen. And a black matrix system. For improved brightness and contrast.

And Panasonic teams Quintrix II with a chassis incorporating Medium Scale Integrated Circuits (MSIC). For further reliability and performance.

See for yourself, on screen sizes from 12" to 19" (diag meas).

Quintrix II by Panasonic. There'll be more monster in every monster movie you see.

Quintrix II simulated wood grain.



Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

SLAP SHOT ON THE WRIST

Hockey people put down the movie *Slap Shot*—not so much for its artistic shortcomings (SI, March 7) as for what they feel is its unfair emphasis on violence. Such sanctioned or at least semi-approved rage, they say, does not exist in real life—that is, on real ice.

Maybe not. But last week John Ferguson, coach of the New York Rangers and therefore a leader of men, became enraged at the officials. He used "abusive" language, made obscene gestures and hurled a plastic water bottle 80 feet across the ice that hit Linesman Swede Knox. He was eventually tossed out of the game and later fined \$500 by League President Clarence Campbell, who said he was "completely satisfied that Referee Bob Myers was justified in ejecting Ferguson from the game."

That sounds as though Myers, not Ferguson, was on trial. And a \$500 fine for, among other things, hitting an official with a thrown object? Ted Williams was once fined \$5,000 for spitting in the general direction of the crowd. And that was before inflation. Maybe we'd better take another look at *Slap Shot*.

MAN IN A HURRY

At the Marion State Correctional Institution in Ohio, where Don King was staging the quarterfinals of his U.S. Boxing Championships, a resident spectator demanding action shouted: "Come on, I've only got 20 years!"

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM

Because *America the Beautiful* was played before the Super Bowl instead of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, Raymond A. Dypski, a member of the Maryland House of Delegates, has introduced a bill to that body which would urge the television networks to play only the national anthem before sports broadcasts. "I think we ought to continue the tradition of playing our national anthem," Dypski argued. "Playing other songs will confuse patriotic people. We've been teaching

them for almost 200 years that it's *The Star-Spangled Banner*."

Dypski's facts are a bit off. Francis Scott Key wrote his poem in 1814 during the British bombardment of Baltimore's Fort McHenry, but the words were not put to music until some years later and it was not until 1931 that Congress made the song the national anthem (SI, Jan. 3).

"I didn't know that," Dypski said, and conceded that his greatest concern was that the shift away from *The Star-Spangled Banner* could affect tourism at Fort McHenry, which just happens to be in his district.

ON SAY CAN KATE SING?

Raymond Dypski notwithstanding, Kate Smith—first in person, now in a recording—sings *God Bless America* instead of the national anthem before Philadelphia Flyer games and supposedly brings great good luck to the two-time National Hockey League champions. If this heresy distresses Dypski, he will be pleased to hear about Hamilton College of Clinton, N.Y.

Hamilton had a history of poor basketball teams, losing frequently even at home. Then, in 1974, some Hamilton students bought a Kate Smith recording, not of *God Bless America* but *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and began to play it before every home game. A strange thing happened. Hamilton turned into a small-college power. Over the past two years the Continentals are 43-9 and, presumably aided by that old Kate magic, are unbeaten in 23 straight games on their home court. When Hamilton students were asked to name the 15 women they most admired in the world, Miss Smith made the list. Several students circulated a petition asking that she be granted an honorary degree.

If anything was needed to prove to Hamilton undergraduates Miss Smith's extraordinary powers, it came during this month's small-college basketball championship tournament at Utica, N.Y. Al-

though Hamilton, the defending champion, was the host school, it was decided not to play the Kate Smith record at the tournament. Instead, an instrumental version of the national anthem was played. Naturally, Hamilton lost.

THE RUY DIODE OPENING

When computers first played chess some years ago, they were easy prey for any competent player. But times change—1984 is only seven years away—and according to Larry Eldridge, sports editor of *The Christian Science Monitor*, computers are now moving into big-time chess.

During the recent American Class Championships in California, Control Data's chess-programmed Cyber 170, which played its matches via telephone from its home base in Minneapolis, wiped out all five of its opponents to win the Class B section. After the tournament a



Class A player took on Cyber 170 in an attempt to vindicate humanity, but he was beaten, too. Finally an expert class player was called on and he was able to defeat the computer, but only after a 94-move marathon.

What this means is that computers are now capable of beating the vast majority of chess players, including those good enough to compete in tournaments. The computers' presence poses a problem for chess. In California, Cyber 170 upset the competitive balance, giving an advantage to those lucky enough not to have to play it while creating an insurmountable obstacle for those who did. In the final round, for instance, a player with a 4-0 record got paired with the computer, was

continued

beaten and fell out of first place. This sort of thing resulted in a mini-revolt at the end of the tournament, with one of the losers grabbing a microphone and calling for a meeting of all those who had played the computer. Someone else snatched the mike away and told the audience to ignore the message.

That putative rebellion was quashed, but tournament directors are going to have to reckon with computers. Eldridge suggests that when computers play they be forced to compete in the Open section, where sooner or later they would face a master or even a grandmaster and find their transistors shorting out. As in whirr, click, bang, it does not compute.

A-TISKY, A-TASKET

As all hoop fans know, Springfield, Mass. is the place where Dr. James Naismith nailed up two peach baskets in a gym shortly before the turn of the century and invented the game of basketball. This week the NCAA Division II basketball tournament is being held at Springfield's Civic Center, the first time an NCAA basketball championship has been held in New England. To help celebrate the occasion, Springfield decided to hang peach baskets from lampposts on the main street of the city as a salute to Dr. Naismith.

The only trouble was, Springfield couldn't find enough peach baskets. Distress signals were sent out Georgia, which has been sending a lot of things north lately, heard about the shortage, and the Peach State promptly shipped 300 baskets to Springfield, courtesy of Delta Airlines, which contributed air cargo space. Then Food Mart supermarkets found 250 peach baskets tucked away in a storehouse and contributed them. Other folks sent baskets to Springfield, too, and by the time the NCAA tournament began, the streets of the city were properly attired. Or basketed.

NON D'UN NON

From time to time we report on beautifully named racehorses and praise the taste and perception of those owners who take the time and trouble to come up with names that reflect the horses' breeding, the excitement of racing and, sometimes, the appearance of the animals.

Now we are obliged to comment on the opposite side of the coin: bad names, specifically those of Secretariat's first



DINO ON DECK.

Style isn't anything you can practice.
It's something you're born with.
Like Dino. Very long, very thin,

very elegant.

Wherever you
smoke Dino it tells
people you're a
man with a style of
your own.

DINO
BY GOLD LABEL



crop of foals. There are 28 living colts and fillies from the Triple Crown winner's first season at stud, and many of them will be coming to the races this year as 2-year-olds. A sorrier collection of names would be hard to come up with.

For instance one filly, a good one, is named Secretary. Isn't that clever? How about Superfast? Or Brilliant Protege? And then there is the imaginatively named Miss Secretariat.

What else? How do you like Syntarist? Seclusive? Sociologue? Centrifelia? Acratarnat? Senator's Choice? And what about Jean Louis Levesque's filly Feuille d'Erable. That means "Maple Leaf" in French (Right? Levesque is a French Canadian) but is all but unpronounceable for American racegoers and race callers.

About the only name in the entire crop that seems to couple an echo of the sire's name with the rhythm of the racetrack is that of another filly, called Punctuation. Come on, Punctuation! Leave Secretary in your dust.

SULLY'S SO-CALLED SENILITY

Sully Krouse, 300-pound wrestling coach at the University of Maryland, doesn't much like Bill Lam, wrestling coach at North Carolina. "He's a hot dog," Krouse says. Asked why he thinks Lam is a hot dog, Krouse says, "Well, he got all upset when I called him a humpty-dumpty a couple of years ago."

Krouse once summed up his coaching philosophy by saying, "Everybody talks about gentlemen and scholars. I'd rather have bad guys who can win." Asked to what lengths he would go to beat Lam, he says, "I'd lie, cheat and steal."

Krouse's disenchantment with Lam stems in part from what happened when Maryland went to Chapel Hill for a dual meet with the Tar Heels earlier this year. The meet was scheduled to begin at 7 p.m. but at 11 that morning the Carolina trainer called Krouse and told him the time had been changed to 3 p.m. Wrestlers weigh in four hours before they compete, which meant that the Maryland wrestlers had to start weighing in right away, instead of waiting until midafternoon. As wrestling fans know, such short notice can be a hardship, particularly for competitors who need to lose a pound or so before they hop on the scales. Krouse was bitter.

"Ten years ago," he says, "we'd have
continued

If your car's appetite is getting bigger, try fresh Champion Spark Plugs.

Can spark plugs alone help mileage?

Most definitely. Of all the tune-up parts in your engine, spark plugs are the only ones that actually touch the gasoline and make it burn. If they do a good job, you'll get the best mileage your car and your driving can deliver. If they don't, your mileage will suffer. It's that simple.

What about a whole tune-up?

Many late model cars can go, say, 20,000 miles or more before they need a whole tune-up. But spark plugs start to lose their edge after 10,000 to 12,000 miles. So if you wait for a tune-up to change plugs, they could be costing you precious gasoline mileage. And give you starting trouble, too!

Why fill 'er up with Champions?

Champion makes a plug that's exactly right for your car.

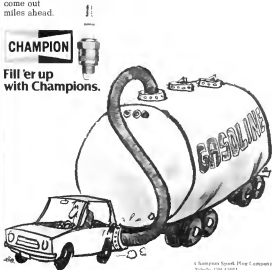
How about another reason?

Champions have powered more race winners over the past years than any other plug made.

And a third?

Champion is the No. 1 selling spark plug in the world.

So if you get the feeling that your car is using more gas than it should, you could be very right. Fill 'er up with Champions. You'll probably come out miles ahead.

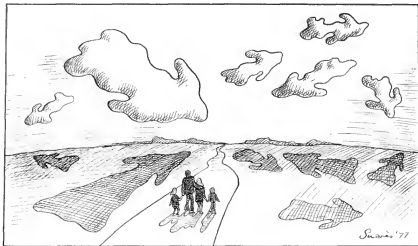


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Tulaco, OH 43081

When you're trusting people shouldn't you know

We'd like to insure that you do.

We're the Life Insurance Companies. And we believe
you have a right to know exactly who you're trusting with
your family's security. So we're going to tell you.
As openly and honestly as we can.



with your family's future, who you're trusting?

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gotten right in the cars and headed up the road toward home. But I let the boys vote. They voted to stay, and we lost the meet."

Why hadn't he taken the team home without submitting it to a vote? "I'm getting senile," Krouse says.

SNARE AND DELUSION

The Toros of Cal State, Dominguez Hills near Los Angeles finished the basketball season with a 5-20 record, so it is not surprising to learn that the college is looking for a new coach. What is surprising is that it took four different head coaches to get the Toros through that terrible season. Al Pompey was relieved of his post early in the year presumably because he dressed only six players for one game. Athletic Director Mike Kolsky, with whom Pompey did not get along, took over amid protests from players and students. Kolsky lasted two days. Ed Brownlee, a high school teacher who had acted as Pompey's assistant, replaced Kolsky. Brownlee directed the team for one game and then, apparently because of a time conflict with his high school job, quit. Finally Ron Fortner, a former assistant at Pepperdine and Denver, was named coach and managed to last the rest of the season, even though several pro-Pompey players boycotted a game after Fortner's arrival.

Now the school is accepting applications for the coaching job for next year. Aspirants might keep in mind that Pompey and, possibly, Fortner are planning to recally for the post, though heaven only knows why.

THEY SAID IT

• Henry O. Nichols, acting chairman of Villanova's department of education and one of the nation's top college basketball officials, on how he behaves when he is a spectator at a Villanova game. "Are you kidding? I yell at the referees just like everybody else."

• Bill Russell, Seattle SuperSonics coach, after towering Tom Burleson fell over a rival player and landed on his head. "When a guy 7' 2" falls on his head, it can be serious. He's got a long way to go. The velocity builds up pretty good."

• Jim Fuller, Houston Astro outfielder, replying to lead-footed Cliff Johnson's claim that he'll steal 20 bases this season. "The only way you'll do that is to break into the equipment room." **END**



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GOOD, BUT WHY NOT THE BEST?

With all its high-priced talent, Philadelphia was supposed to be awesome. Instead, it is an enigma—and sometimes awful

by **Curry Kirkpatrick**

As the inimitable Philadelphia 76ers dunk their hearts out on the way to immortality or, at the very least, the NBA playoffs, strange noises emanate from the Spectrum. Is this the euphony of togetherness? No way. It is the dissonance of a band of spoiled rich kids pointing fingers at one another and carping over such matters as playing time.

Following last month's All-Star Game, in which Julius Erving proved he can still be the Dr. J of legend as he scored 30 points and was MVP—it seemed possible that the 76ers had finally pulled their own all-star act together and would now proceed to run away from the rest of the league. Instead, hampered by six stitches in his shooting hand, Erving has remained inconsistent; the formidable George McGinnis and the freewheeling Doug Collins, the 76ers' other two All-Stars, seem weighted down by their own bruises and bumps and considerable reputations; first-line reserves Lloyd Free and Darryl Dawkins have grumbled about taking their sweet words of youth elsewhere. Since the All-Star break the team has been stumbling along at a .500 pace, comfortably

continued

If they are to win the NBA title, the Suers agree that the Doctor must be his old flamboyant self, as he was against Denver





leading the weak Atlantic Division but hardly living up to preseason expectations. One 76er, who shall stay anonymous lest he be docked his weekly million or, even worse, traded to the Nets, says, "What we got here is a bunch of babies who don't look where the real trouble is—in the mirror."

None of this would deserve much attention were it not for the fact that the 76ers figured to be so sensational. When Dr. J brought his moves to town, having personally slam-dunked the NBA into merger during the summer, the prospects seemed dazzling: Erving (29.3 points a game last season) up front with McGinnis (23) and Caldwell Jones (13), and Collins (20.8) in the backcourt. The payroll was now almost beyond belief but maybe the price was right nevertheless; as General Manager Pat Williams crowed, Philadelphia would have a hard time losing a game. And despite all their problems, the 76ers may still be the most physically talented, highest paid, most closely scrutinized, most entertaining team going, as well as the biggest draw in the history of the pros. Plus, they dance on people's heads a whole lot (see box).

Coach Gene Shue has attempted to explain away the post All-Star record with such childish responses to the questioning media as, "Bleeping people. Why don't they get the bleep out? Bleeping vultures." Which he did after a particularly tough last-second defeat at Atlanta last week.

Of course this was only Shue's most recent insult to the press. The coach has been laboring long and hard to get somebody to swallow the story that most of the 76ers' troubles stem from a dislocated elbow that sent a skinny center named Harvey Catchings to the sidelines in January. "An important ingredient," says Shue of Catchings.

Since defensive specialist Catchings was the team's fifth-leading rebounder, its 11th-leading scorer and had trouble stopping any opponent weighing more than 175 pounds, this excuse has not made it up the flagpole. Last week in a game against Denver, boos split the air and a sign popped up that read "Give Shue the Boot." The source of the definitive line about life on the 76ers—or anywhere else in the NBA—is Sixer Trainer Al Domenico. "Nobody on this team is happy," he says, "but we aren't unique. Everybody hates everybody else on every team in the league."

Philadelphia won the Denver game, by the way, a 129-125 double-overtime thriller in which Erving (with a season-high 38 points) and David Thompson (with 40) engaged in one of their duels-in-the-raffers. After that the 76ers split two other home games last week, defeating Seattle 126-122 and losing to Chicago 106-102 to make their record 39-27, fifth best in the whole NBA, but still a sure ticket to the playoffs. "We haven't lost the championship yet," points out Assistant Coach Jack McMahon.

Still, as one of the newer literary classics asks, *Why Not the Best?* What is wrong? Collins, ever candid, says he'd hate to start the playoffs today. "We talk of sacrifice and common goals, but when it comes time to do it, we stand around. When we need a big basket or key play, we fall apart. This team can't just push a talent button and get away with it. We're always going to be semi-disorganized. Yeah, I'm skeptical of how good we really are."

There is no question how deep the young Philadelphiaans are. The other hero in the Denver victory was sub backcourtman Mike Dunleavy, a rookie who hadn't played in 15 games but who has acquired a 76er sense of the absurd. After contributing two important assists and two

clinging free throws, Dunleavy emerged with a wicked cut under his eye, explaining matter-of-factly that someone had put an elbow in it.

In a sense, the 76ers' present difficulties were guaranteed the day before the season opened, when Philadelphia Owner Filtz Dixon added Erving to the payroll. The team promptly dispelled notions of invincibility by losing its first two games. Even when the 76ers won seven in a row in January, wild rumors swept the premises:

Erving and McGinnis went together like cream cheese and scrapple; they could not get along, much less play alongside each other. Neither man could co-exist with Free, who monopolized the ball and was known to start shooting before the concluding notes of the national anthem. Third Forward Steve Mix was stabbing Shue in the back over playing time, while Dawkins, the infant bull moose (6' 11", 251 pounds), who may be the strongest 20-year-old since Vasily Alexeyev, was interested not in stabbing the coach's back, just breaking it.

In all fairness to Shue, his team is not the most coachable unit on earth. If Collins isn't upset because Mix temporarily replaced him as the team's technical foul shooter, Free is mad because Collins has

THE PHILADELPHIA DUNK-O-METER

The 76ers are the only team in the NBA that keeps up-to-date dunk totals. Categories were supplied by a professional dunk watcher who interrupted 28 consecutive skin-slapping handshake rituals to be interviewed, Julius Erving, the Grand Dragon of Dunk, was asked how accurate he thought this chart was. "Way short," he said.

	Erving	McGinnis	Free	Jones	Dawkins
Basic In-Your-Face Flying Slammer	15	38	33	29	26
Incredible Screaming Reverse Twist Arm Job	36	0	0	0	0
Backward Pumping, Deliver Us From Evil Scare Jam	48	0	0	0	0
Unbelievably Terrifying De Laurentis Memorial Gorilla Stuff	0	0	0	0	1
Outrageous Whirlybird Windmill Swoop Hooker From Pike Position, i.e., "Yo' Mama" Dunk	1	0	0	0	0
Total	100	38	33	29	27

taken his starting job. If Caldwell Jones isn't disturbed that Erving and McGinnis get all the shots on the front line, McGinnis is pouting when Mix starts the second half of a TV game.

Guard Henry Bibby is confused because he is asked to fill more roles than Elliot Richardson. Reserve Joe (Jelly Bean) Bryant, a major league free-lancer, thinks he could be a star somewhere else—and maybe he could.

To consolidate this multitude of egos, Shue has seen fit to insert his own into the fray. A proud, haughty man who stays aloof from his players, Shue says, "I've never had a job where my team stayed mediocre. They get good. Players being unhappy doesn't make me unhappy. A player can say what he wants. I don't give a damn."

In the locker room Shue keeps telling his team, "You don't want to be coached. You just don't want that." Last week he added, "Why don't you utilize my talents so together we can utilize yours?"

The 76er talents include an ability to run off great raging streaks of points with a helter-skelter fast break generally ending in a dunk. But the team constantly seems to get off slow and falls far behind before catching up, or else jumps out to huge leads and then falls into catastrophic declines.

In their quintessential comeback against Cleveland a month ago, the 76ers made up 24 points in the fourth quarter to win. On their West Coast tour, they made up deficits of 11 at Los Angeles, 18 at Portland and 11 at Golden State before losing each game at the buzzer. Last Friday the 76ers led Seattle by 25 and then proceeded to give a clinic on how to look foolish on the defensive board as the Sonics scrambled to within four points at the end.

Asked to recall the last time the 76ers played a whole game, McGinnis grinned "The All-Star Game," he said.

Concentration is a major Sixer weakness, but the team also has some technical limitations that its "money" players may not be able to overcome by playoff time.

Erving, McGinnis and Free all are improvisers who want to make their own plays. Only Collins moves well without the ball so that when teams zone—hush this up, now—and trap Dr. J and Big George, the team's leading scorers, in the corners, the Philadelphia offense comes to a standstill. As one observer cauti-

cally puts it: "The team looks like a Rodin museum."

In the 76ers' game plan the center never shoots—they don't have a center who can shoot—hence they are easy fish for double-teams. When defenders are not trapping Erving and McGinnis, they are sloughing off them, because neither is an exceptional outside shooter.

Free, who refers to himself as "All-World," is a sometimes brilliant shooter and a spectacular leaper for 6'2"—another nickname he favors is "The Prince of Mid-Air." But more often than not, All-World is in another world. "I'm as good as any guard in the league," the prince asserts. "I can score big or get 15 assists anytime I want. That's if our guys making the top bread are hitting, of course."

Defense is where most of the 76ers go limp. The backcourt relies on quickness rather than intensity, although neither Erving nor McGinnis is in the habit of hurrying back in the transition game. Catchings was valuable here because he did hustle back. Still, with all their high-priced inside men, the 76ers are among the top three in giving up offensive rebounds.

Says Mix, "I know if I played against this club, I could get seven offensive boards a game."

At the very root of the Philadelphia problem, though, is Erving, whose drive-for-the-hole style of play has been taken away by the NBA's clogging defenses down the middle. Otherwise, Dr. J remains an inconsistent jump shooter, an erratic passer and the kind of finesse-conscious defensive player who last week, for instance, was victimized by both Thompson and John Drew of Atlanta.

Erving was expected to shine and carry the Sixers, and his early decision to restrict his creativity to a periodic swirling whammer—he preferred, he said, to "involve others in the flow"—caused some instant disenchantment among the locals. More recently, however, his All-Star Game show and his dazzling play in the Cleveland comeback, wherein he absolutely took charge of the game, may have pointed to a new day. "A guy can't minimize his talents in order to maximize others," says Collins. "We must have Doc to lead. Then we must learn to follow."

"We don't need Julius being nice and giving it up to everybody and overcompensating and all that," says McGinnis.



The Prince of Mid-Air in his ascending mode

"What we need is for him to just go play and be Dr. J."

It hasn't been that easy. Erving says he is more comfortable when there are close relationships among coach and players. Shue, he says, is "non-participatory" and the 76ers, apart from McGinnis and rookie Terry Furlow, "are not an easy group of guys to talk with."

"We still have no identity," says Erving. "The game is not a science here. We aren't ready to make the physical, mental and spiritual sacrifices for each other. Collectively, we are too often inept and confused."

So, whither Julius Erving and the team on which he was supposed to confer greatness? "To be a great team we need to stomp on people and keep them down," says Dr. J. "We need leadership from the backcourt. We need our centers more involved in the offense. We need me and George to hoss and hoss and hoss. To be great we need to win games we aren't supposed to win."

What the game's most exciting player didn't say was that to be great, he and the 76ers may need to get happy. **END**



IT WAS A PIECE OF CAKE FOR BAKER

Rain turned the Daytona 200 Motorcycle Classic into half of what everyone expected, which was just fine with Yamaha factory rider Steve Baker. He handily won his first official 750-cc. world championship race on his first try **by Sam Moses**

Motorcycle road racing is a sport in which Europeans used to laugh out loud at Americans. Lately they have had to stifle their snickers somewhat, and last Sunday it was all they could do to work up a sheepish smile after 24-year-old Steve Baker outclassed 79 of the best riders in the world to win the Daytona 200. Not only is Baker from Bellingham, Wash., it was his first official 750-cc. world championship race.

Until Baker bloomed last season, Kenny Roberts had been considered the top U.S. road racer. Now it looks as though he and Baker are equal. Roberts was on a factory Yamaha that was a twin to Baker's, save that it was painted a brilliant yellow, and he was the only rider who could stay anywhere near Baker. Under overcast skies that would eventually burst open to cut the race to half its scheduled distance, the two Americans had led the snarling field of 80 bikes across the starting line, and in the first 17 laps they traded the lead four times. But even then the result seemed to be foregone, as Baker's red and white bike obviously had a horse-

power advantage over Roberts'. Roberts eventually slowed his pace and dropped back but was able to remain comfortably in second.

The gap between the two eventually grew to 28 seconds and seemed to be yet another manifestation of Roberts' continuing jinx at Daytona, one that has kept him from winning for the six years he has been riding in the Expert Class. In the pre-race practice session, Roberts' No. 1 engine had developed an oil problem, so his crew installed a sparc, which was, said Roberts, "Just not quite as fast as I needed. I had to ride too hard to try and stay with Stevie, so I decided to let him go and see what happened." What happened was that Baker won \$19,000 of the \$102,800 purse.

Trailing the two Americans was Takazumi Katayama of Japan, an occasional rock-and-roll singer, who provided the record crowd of 70,000 perhaps the most exciting moments of the brief day of racing. Starting from the 26th spot on the grid, Katayama never stopped charging, to give Yamaha a sweep of the top three

spots. Fourth was Gregg Hansford of Australia on a Kawasaki, and Gene Romero of San Luis Obispo, Calif. was fifth on yet another Yamaha.

Even beforehand it would have been more accurate to call the race the Daytona Double 100. On Saturday night an international jury of the *Fédération Internationale Motocycliste* had decided to divide the first world championship event of the year for 750-cc. motorcycles into two 100-mile heats. The purpose of the unusual format was to incorporate a mandatory tire change. For six years now, tire problems have plagued crews in the 200. But, as yet, no one has gone to a quick-change rear wheel during pit stops because the manufacturers have always developed a tire to go the distance—or so they have thought before each race. But they have come perilously close to failing: last year wholesale tire disintegration eliminated the hardest chargers and enabled Johnny Cecotto of Venezuela to win on a threadbare tire.

For this year's race Goodyear developed a fat rear slick, but it had only been

tested on last season's bikes. The company refused to guarantee that its new tire would last 200 miles on the latest Yamahas.

"Nobody really knows the point where a tire's not going to make it around the banking," said Roberts, who vividly recalls every horrifying detail of the 170-mile blowout that cost him the 1976 race. "When the rubber gets hot enough and thin enough, it's like riding with grease balls on the tire. There are a lot of the fast riders who are really spooked."

Few argued over the decision to run the race in heats. "The organizers had to do something, or someone might have been killed," said one rider, whose sentiment was fairly representative. However, the decision changed the race drastically and affected strategies, especially Roberts'. "If I have to really race to stay with the front bunch, I won't do it," he had said early in the week. "This year I'd rather finish the race than lead it for 199 miles, then blow a tire." With no need to conserve rubber, that holdback strategy changed to one Roberts is more comfortable and familiar with: flat out.

Flat out for Roberts meant a top speed of almost 190 mph. While that speed is impressive on a purely technical level, some say it is too fast for motorcycle racing. Bill Boyce, the American Motorcycle Association's director of competition and president of the FIM jury, is one. Boyce would like to see rule changes to slow the bikes down. So would Roberts, but not everyone. "If you go faster, you just have to slow down sooner," says Baker. And Victor Palomo, the current Formula 750 world champion, has a rather dashing, continental view of the speeds. The 28-year-old Spanish law school graduate and former water-skiing champion says, "Since I was 16 I live by my own. I pay for my own life." Which he is matter-of-factly about risking. "I think that what makes the difference between riders is how fast they will go. If I am following a rider and he can go faster than me because he is better or braver, it's my problem if I kill myself trying to keep up." Palomo broke down by trying to keep up with the fast bikes at Daytona.

In practice sessions, by far the fastest were the factory Yamahas of Roberts, Baker and Cecotto. In addition to having more horsepower than the private Yamahas, the factory machines had some sleek new streamlining. The backs of the seats were dartlike, causing some of the

other racers to speculate that the design was intended to close the hole in the air behind the bike and complicate drafting. That theory was shrugged off with a gold-toothed grin by the Japanese crew chief for Baker and Cecotto. But then, he shrugs off a lot with a smile because he speaks little English.

One who studied the Yamaha streamlining closely was the race's Grand Marshal, Bill Mitchell, vice-president in charge of styling at General Motors and a motorcycle freak. Mitchell's eye, sensitive to esthetics as it is, lit up at the factory seats and fairings. "For once they have discovered how to make good aerodynamics look good," he said.

Cecotto was the first of the three factory Yamaha riders to qualify, but he was soon blown off by Baker, who set a lap record of 111.772 mph for the 3.87-mile course that combines almost three quarters of the banked oval used for stock-car racing with a series of five flat turns in the infield. Roberts, the pole sitter the past two years, raised his eyebrows when Baker's time—more than four seconds quicker than Cecotto's—was announced. Then he went out and missed beating Baker by .115 second. Cecotto ended up fourth on the grid, following Australian champion Warren Willing, who apparently had a tuning trick or two bestowed on him by the Yamaha factory. Willing, nearly everyone noticed, shared a garage with Roberts.

Qualifying so much slower than Baker and Roberts was an embarrassment to Cecotto, but then the entire 1976 season, his second in Europe, had been an embarrassment. After he won at Daytona last year, it was all downhill; he fell

13 times in subsequent races. This year at Daytona he lasted three backluster laps, an oil leak putting him out.

Already pit murmurs have it that Cecotto was too good too soon, that he is a 21-year-old burnout. Said Rod Gould, a former world champion and now a Yamaha public relations man, "I think Cecotto was going fast and didn't really know why. Now he doesn't know why he's going slower and crashing. Last year he rubbed a lot of people the wrong way with his excuses for poor showings."

Said Cecotto, explaining why he qualified so much slower than Baker, "Is because Stieve knows very well the track now." Cecotto has ridden about 500 miles on the Daytona road course himself, a circuit any good rider can learn in a couple of dozen laps.

Baker is one of the first two Americans to sign a full-season factory contract (the other, Pat Hennen, was absent from Daytona because the Suzuki team had not finished developing its 750-cc racer). Although Cecotto has two seasons of international experience, he and Baker rank as equal teammates. It may not be that way for long if things keep going the way they have for each of them: Baker also won the 250-cc. race on Saturday, also by 28 seconds.

"I wouldn't be surprised if Stieve put it all over Johnny this year," said Gould. "I think he's got a good chance to win a world championship in any class in which he will be riding."

That includes 250 cc. and 500 cc., as well as 750 cc. And if the Europeans laugh when Baker goes by, chances are good they will have to laugh with him, not at him.

END

Baker (right) and Kenny Roberts finished one-two, even if they didn't agree on how fast is too fast



THE SIXTEEN SWEETEST FIGHT FOR A KISS

But only the NCAA champion will get it. Will it be Michigan? UCLA? Or will it be a team that lost to Georgia Southern earlier in the season? **by Barry McDermott**

Like snowflakes, hippies and Charles Bronson movies, not one of the remaining 16 teams in the NCAA basketball tournament stands out. Even Jimmy the Greek would be hard put to name which four will reach the finals in Atlanta's Omni. The survivors from the first round have proven nothing if not this: they can win, but they can also lose. Not only are there no undefeated teams remaining, but also the schools with the best records entering the tournament—San Francisco and Arkansas—are back home practicing recruiting.

This is not to say there are no favorites, despite the fact that one survivor, Southern Illinois, which lost to little Georgia Southern during the regular season, might wind up in the Final Four. No fewer than four teams—UCLA, Nevada-Las Vegas, Michigan and Kentucky—loom as solid threats, but while all have enjoyed moments of glory, each has suffered through agonies ranging from injuries to jealousy to having to cope with NCAA investigations and legends of departed coaches.

There are various theories as to why any bet looks like a bad one this time, the most popular being the elimination of "the intelligent player." There was a

time when UCLA brought the talent to the NCAA tournament while the rest of the schools employed intelligent players, college basketball's equivalent of the homely girl with the nice personality. Now everybody has horses.

Hold it. Two questions. First: Do they give scholarships at Idaho State? Second: Why would anybody accept one?

No doubt Alabama, the Southeastern Conference's third-place finisher behind Tennessee and Kentucky and the only celebrity of note not invited to the party, would delight at an opportunity to play the Big Sky representative, but the Crimson Tide must be content to win the big one in the NIT while, in the semifinals of the West Regional, UCLA faces Idaho State. Pass the sour cream and chives, please.

Every year the NCAA, through apparent whim, caprice and perversity,

structures a regional top-heavy with talent. This year it is the West, where four of the nation's Top Ten teams began and two remain. After eliminating Louisville and San Francisco, UCLA and Las Vegas might be excused for viewing their next contests as practice games, although Idaho State has a 24-4 record and a 7-footer to throw at the Bruins, and Utah has beaten Vegas once this season and has the added advantage of playing in Provo.

Still, one must figure that it will be UCLA against the flamboyant Runnin' Rebels in the West finals as Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian once again tries for the Holy Grail he has sought in these many years—a victory over UCLA. That win eluded Turk the Shark in three NCAA tournament games while he was at Long Beach State.

Mostly because it hasn't been on national television, Las Vegas is an unknown to most of the public, tagged by innuendo as a lawless group that plays no defense and follows no rules while Tarkanian draws his plays on a checkbook. But as San Francisco learned last week, Tarkanian is a wily coach and his team can beat you with defense. Vegas forced the Dons into 32 turnovers, and increased the tempo so much that San Francisco was more confused than poised. Final score: 121-95.

Utah, which nipped St. John's 72-68, is the hottest-shooting club in Western Athletic Conference history, which is saying something, and the Utes have not lost a game in which they were ahead with five minutes remaining. That is when Jeff Jones directs the Rocky Mountain version of the Four Corners. By the time the five-minute mark rolls around against Las Vegas, Utah most likely will be playing catch-up.

Meanwhile, paranoia still lurks in the shadows at UCLA. Gene Barrow now has won one more conference title than John Wooden did during his first two

Provocator is tops in its class, but Truman Claytor (22) and his Kentucky mates play big league ball.



years at Westwood but is again feeling the heat. Last week the Bruins found themselves gasping for breath on an artificial football field in Pocatello, Idaho, playing their toughest first-round opponent ever, Louisville. Cardinal Coach Denny Crum bent the rules a bit by bringing his team to Pocatello several days early. UCLA claimed that gave the Louisville players time to acclimatize themselves to the thin air and the playing conditions—a portable floor in the Idaho State Mindome. NCAA rules seem to imply that a team may have only one day's practice at the tournament site. Louisville had three. UCLA Athletic Director J. D. Morgan protested, but the NCAA ruled in favor of Louisville, whereupon Morgan claimed there was "a conspiracy to get UCLA beat."

Conspiracy or not, the Bruins might have lost without Brad Holland. The sophomore guard, morose after being benched earlier in the season and perhaps thinking of transferring to several schools, among them Las Vegas, got into the game in the second half and hit a bunch of rainbows that enabled UCLA to win 87-79.

The East Regional at College Park, Md. is a mystery. Notre Dame? VMI? How many had these two in their Top 20 at the start of the year? The Irish beat Hofstra 90-83 while the Keydets whipped Duquesne 73-66. And North Carolina, the team from M*A*S*H, seems to keep losing players and winning games, while setting records for optimistic medical bulletins. Let's see, the latest is that Tom LaGarde is going to throw away his crutches and Walter Davis is going to pull the pins out of his fractured finger just before game time. Right. With LaGarde and Davis incapacitated, Notre Dame can beat North Carolina. Talk about luck of the Irish.

But nobody can beat Kentucky, not in this region. The Wildcats have muscle, speed, a bench, a coach—and tradition. One thing is certain: now that Kentucky has plodded past pesky Princeton, it will be off and running. "I'm from racehorse country," says Coach Joe Hall. "It's difficult to hook our horses to a plow." The mules, Rick Robey and Mike Phillips, get the ball, and the thoroughbreds, Jack Givens and Larry Johnson, take it from there.

In the losers' division, the Midwest, the good news is that someone has to win at Oklahoma City. The bad news is

that someone will. Marquette, Kansas State, Wake Forest and Southern Illinois have 27 defeats among them.

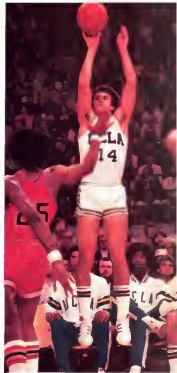
Of course, Marquette's star has fallen much farther than the others'. The Warriors were highly thought of until their midseason swoon, precipitated perhaps by the pending retirement of coach and philosopher Al McGuire. Lately, in a narrow loss to Michigan and a 66-51 NCAA win over Cincinnati, the patient's condition appeared to be improved.

The other three teams also have had problems. Kansas State and SIU trailed in their Big Eight and Valley races most of the season, while Wake's travails were just the opposite. The Deacons did their usual elf-faldo at the wire.

For certain, the Wildcats of Kansas State will not be bashful. Freshman Curtis Redding and juniors Mike Evans and Scott Langston all like to throw up the mail-in jump shot. "You need a lot of mustard to cover them," points out Providence Coach Dave Gavitt. "They're a long hot dog that stretches all the way around the building." Still, Marquette should return McGuire to the NCAA finals for the last farewell.

The Midwest was the regional where Kentucky was going to delight the hometown tobacco farmers and fried-chicken barons in Lexington's Rupp Arena with an easy victory. Then Tennessee got in the way, twice, and tied Kentucky for the Southeastern Conference championship. So Kentucky was sent off to the East, leaving Tennessee to defend SEC honor. Only Syracuse, ignored most of the season, upset Tennessee in overtime last Sunday.

The Syracuse victory notwithstanding, Michigan remains the team to beat in the Midwest. The Wolverines started the season No. 1, and finished No. 1, but along the way sowed enough seeds of doubt to leave the unfaithful wondering if they were charmed last year. Simply put, replacing departed Forward Wayman Britt was a more difficult task than anyone but Coach Johnny Orr realized. However, Michigan's victory over Holy Cross in the first round last week was the school's 10th in its last 11 games, resurrecting the rumors that if Michigan wins it all this year, Orr will cash in his chips. Against Detroit in the Midwest semifinals, Michigan should prove that a good dressing can save a slightly wilted salad, meaning, who remembers the middle of the season?



Coming off the bench, Holland rallied UCLA

In the other match-up are two teams that are better than most people think, but not as good as their fans hope. One is Syracuse, the other is North Carolina-Charlotte, starved for attention and with a brilliant player in Cedric (Combread) Maxwell, hero of last year's NIT. Neither team has the bench to stick with Michigan, although it should be a game for 30 minutes.

Strength is important, especially in a tournament as grueling as the NCAA. And Kentucky has the muscles to overpower the field. Of course, what will happen is that Las Vegas will run right through the West and wear down Michigan in the final, or that Dean Smith will find a cure for the sick and lame of North Carolina, or that Marquette will give McGuire an emotional going-away present. Not even the Greek knows.

END

AFTER THE LAST HURRAH, A FINAL MURMUR

By shutting out the Australians in the Aetna World Cup, the U.S.—and Jimmy Connors—applied the coup de grâce to a glorious dynasty **by Frank Deford**

The last time I saw some of the Australian players was at Forest Hills. It was near the end, and they were left in men's doubles or mixed. They seemed to be having a marvelous time. They had their beers, and there were lots of pretty girls about. I can't say I blame them. Every kid likes to have a good time. The boys who played for me liked to have their good times, too...but...they preferred to be champions. —HARRY HOPMAN

The hurrahs were spent some time ago, and in Hartford last week Australian ten-

nis sounded its last murmur. The U.S., led by a relentless Jimmy Connors, won the Aetna World Cup, beating Australia in all seven matches, the first shutout in the event's eight-year history. And there is no reasonable evidence to suggest that the Aussies are going to offer more substantial competition in the years immediately ahead.

Thus, while once again the Hartford Civic Center was sold out four days running, this was mostly a fond testament to the memories of greatness gone. The Aussies won five of the first six World

Cups, as they had once won just about everything else. Because of their presence, the World Cup became a premier event, as competitive and gratifying as any modern addition to the game's calendar. But next year's Cup will have to feature a new melody, not just an oldie-but-goodie. Maybe Europe vs. the U.S. or the Davis Cup champion vs. the U.S. Maybe the World vs. the U.S.—for a true World Cup. Whatever, almost certainly the opponent can no longer be Australia. The world it once ruled now belongs to others.

A few days before Captain Dennis Ralston fired fusillades of Yanks into the thin, green Aussie line, crafty old Harry Hopman, who captained the Australian Davis Cup team from 1950 to 1969, relaxed in his apartment in Largo, Fla., a suburb of Tampa. The apartment overlooks the courts of the Birdmoor Country Club, where he now teaches. Young players from all over the world come to

Playing at his best in Hartford, Jimbo didn't lose a set, coming from behind to take 15 straight points from Alexander and five straight games from Roche



Bardmoor to learn from him and there must be more potential in Largo than there was across the net from the Americans at Hartford.

Hopman was in his tennis whites, the tiny green Lacoste crocodile alone sullying that absolute whiteness that speaks so eloquently of a bygone time. Tennis once was Hopman and white; today it is 10-percenters and technicolor. Hopman is 70, but as fit and prickly as ever, beet red from another full day on the courts. His weight? Rather than venture a wild guess and be off so much as a pound, he scurried directly to the bathroom scale. When Hopman captained the Aussies he was never, professionally, a coach; he was a newspaper columnist, which made his constant battles with the press all the more sharp (it takes one to know one). Report: 131 pounds, four under his old playing weight. "I wasn't a good newspaperman," he declared archly, never letting this business go. "You see, I relied on honesty."

But then he smiled. Those little knot-hole eyes that had stared down prying journalists the world over suddenly sparkled. "I was so fortunate," he said. "I had a better time than all the kids because I could appreciate it so much better than they. But what a wonderful lot of boys they were! All of them: Sedgeman, McGregor, Hoadie, Muscles. I never had to pick a fellow who could possibly bring a bad name to Australia. Mmmm, mmmm. Rod—say hello to Rocket for me—Fred, Newk..." Crafty old Harry Hopman was actually lost in reverie for a moment, and it was better to listen there to tales of the living legends than to watch the pale incumbents struggle in Hartford.

The president of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, Wayne Reid, groused recently, "I wish the Americans wouldn't tell us that our standards have declined. We got a damn sight further in the Davis Cup than they did last year." Which is true, but also a false measure. These days, even Mexico usually gets a damn sight further than the U.S. in the Davis Cup. More to the point is that the top-ranked Aussie, No. 12 in the world, is Ken Rosewall, now a spot player, age 42 and too old to journey to Hartford. Next is Tony Roche, 31, always so engaging a competitor, but never the same potential world champion af-

continued



The two Australian line of Ross Case and John Alexander (above) was easily breeched by the feisty American attack; even the wisdom of Coach Fred Stollie couldn't frustrate a fired Tony Roche.





Young talent from all over the world rocks to the Bardroom, where crafty Harry Hopman now teaches

ter he hurt his arm a decade ago. Then John Alexander, 25, marked by occasional brilliant moments that lapse into stale patches (although probably too much was expected of him just because he was ordained as the Next Great Aussie). Mark Edmondson, a balding 22-year-old, has been touted as the future star, but his name always seems to invoke the same anxiousness heard on behalf of soon-to-be-forgotten white heavy-weight hopes. Edmondson has slid back to 52nd in the world.

Arrayed against this faltering Australian contingent in the Aetna was a U.S. squad so deep that Roscoe Tanner, No. 7 in the world, couldn't win a spot in singles. Ralston used Connors and Dick Stockton for two matches each and Brian Gottfried in the other singles match. All acquitted themselves well, but Connors was positively a dreadnought, whipping a befuddled Alexander and a tiring Roche without losing a set. "He seems capable of handling anything," Alexander said, his tone mixing respect with resignation.

In both his matches, Connors won the first set handily, then fell behind in the second. Alexander took a 3-1 lead, a predicament that Connors sorted out by the expedient—original even for him—of running off 15 straight points and the match. The affair with the more experienced Roche was slightly stickier,

reaching 2-5, 15-40 (double set point) before Connors arrived at the conclusion that he needed five straight games. This set was the best tennis of the Cup and appropriately so, because it made the score 4-0, clinching the U.S. triumph.

In their two matches of these four that counted, both Stockton (against Roche) and Gottfried (against Ross Case) lost the first set before making decisive comebacks. It might be argued, then, that the Cup was closer than the score indicated. Indeed, some did argue that. But, in fact, the final score of 7-0 represented the hard truth: the U.S. has a number of fellows somewhat better than any of the Australians, and one fellow considerably better.

The reasons for the collapse of the Aussie juggernaut are many and varied, not the least of which may be the law of averages. After all, Australia is a very sparsely populated land, with 13.5 million inhabitants, which is about as many as live in Greater New York. Except possibly for cricket, there has been a general decline in Australian athletic proficiency: the country did not win a single gold medal at Montreal.

In the past, Australians have always thought of themselves as rugged specimens in a precocious land. The U.S. is a graybeard by comparison. Australia was not settled until 1788 when the first British convicts were "transported" there. A

Fellowship of First Fleeters, descendants of these hearty jailbirds, still meets regularly, as proud as our own DAR. And no wonder—the voyages from England were infinitely longer and nearly as cruel as Kunta Kinte's. It was this century (in 1901) before Australia was even accepted into the Commonwealth as a full-fledged nation, but by 1907 (combined with New Zealand as Australasia) it had won the Davis Cup, and it generally was preeminent in the tennis world through World War I, by which time two stalwarts, Norman Brookes and Gerald Patterson, were at last over the hill and the noble Tony Wilding lay beneath Flinders Field.

There followed a fallow period that lasted until the '30s when Jack Crawford surfaced. An asthmatic, Crawford would have been the first Grand Slam winner in 1933 but for the splints (brandy or bourbon—accounts vary) he took for his disability, and the extreme heat that left him unsteady toward the end of the finals at Forest Hills (up 2-1 in sets, Crawford staggered to a 0-6, 1-6 finish against England's Fred Perry).

Thereafter, the Aussies tended to come in pairs, conveniently stamped out that way for the Davis Cup: Adrian Panst and ambidextrous John Bromwich; Frank Sedgman and Ken McGregor; the wonder teens, Rosewall and Hoad; then Mal Anderson and Ashley Cooper; Neale Fraser and Rod Laver; Roy Emerson and Fred Stolle; and at last, John Newcombe and Roche. The line ran out there, abruptly, as tennis went open (over Hopman's strident objections), and contract pros were barred from the Davis Cup.

The Aussie system was nearly feudal, and perfect for those times when tennis was either run out of a hot (par) or under the table (amateur). The best young players would be brought into the cities by the sporting goods companies, which would pay them a subsistence stipend—£1,000 or so—and give them time to practice. The best of the best would then be tapped for the national team. Here was the beauty of it. The kids would travel all over the world, February to October, with no nearby home to escape to when things got tough. The survivors were forged by the system. Conditioning, esprit, technique were assimilated almost by osmosis. "A boy often didn't know he had been taught something," Hopman says, "but all of a sudden, on the court, at a time when it counted, un-

continued

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THE NIGHT BELONGS TO CHARGER.

der pressure, he realized he could do it."

Newcombe, the last great Aussie, and among the brightest of the lot, recalls, "Your key years for learning are 18 to 22. It made me—traveling and living with the best. The small things you could pick up. Any bloody fool could see that Rocket hit with topspin, but I could see the little things. And I watched. This was bred into me. Even when I turned pro, I would study Laver every chance. I would sit with him and pick his brains when someone else was playing. Nowadays, you never see the kids watching the older players. No one even asks questions anymore."

The young Aussies were spared any ambiguity about who was boss. Authority was a three-letter word: Hop. The players he didn't care for left the game or left the country. The ones he selected affirmed his judgment, winning 15 Davis Cups in 18 years, even as they chafed at his discipline and snickered at his simple, invariable madmatch advice: "Relax and hit for the lines."

"The point was to go for it—not just get it back, but make the bloke stretch for it," says Fred Stolle, who crossed swords often with Hopman, but now hands out the same coaching advice (he has been captain of all eight Aussie World Cup teams). "Even in drills, Hop made us hit everything down the line or cross-court." Today, most tennis, as that at Hartford, is played on medium-slow stylized artificial courts where computerized stroke production counts most. In the Aussie era, the courts were of slip-and-slide clay or slick grass, where match play, conditioning and force of personality counted more.

"Hop was nothing much technically, no coaching genius," Newcombe says. "His importance was the system he created, the team. None of us liked it much, but we all did it his way because we could see the method in his madness. It was a brilliant system for Davis Cup, with the lesser players sacrificing themselves completely to the stars. When I first joined the team Emmo was king. He was the only one allowed to drink beer. He was even the only one allowed to tell dirty jokes. By the time of the match, he was up to here. His ego was sky high."

Stolle's first year on the team he did nothing on the court but serve to Neale Fraser's backhand, four hours every day. Doubtless such sacrifice could never be obtained today. It is difficult enough for

Davis Cup coaches in most countries to get their top players even to deign to play a round or two, much less to contribute themselves to some selfless patriotic scheme. The only time the Aussies have won the Davis Cup since amateur tennis was overruled by filthy lucre was in 1973, when Newcombe and Captain Fraser enlisted Rosewall and Laver.

Among other things, that '73 triumph produced a \$100,000 payday for the Australian Association—and it desperately needed money. The ineptitude of amateur sports officials is not confined to the U.S.; amateur artlessness is no respecter of race, color, creed or nationality. In 1969, when the capable Wayne Reid took over the LTAA, after the Aussies had reigned for a generation, the association was broke. The ruling clique ruled absurdly. Small-town LTAA functionaries would be brought into the cities to enjoy championships on expense accounts, but players were so taken for granted that once, in 1965, at the height of his powers, Emerson, undisputed No. 1 in the world, was refused expenses of £6 a day to play in the Victorian championships.

Given the quality of leadership, the Aussies were not prepared when open tennis came. As recently as 1972, the Australian Open, first leg of the Grand Slam, offered a pot of \$13,500. With no annual Challenge Round to attract stars and world interest, spectators Down Under disappeared overnight. Even now, Hopman says that so much energy must be devoted merely to romancing players to journey to Australian tournaments that there is not enough money or effort left to lavish on producing prospects. There is likewise a failure of identity, for among those world-class players least interested in playing in Australia are many Australians. Like Hopman, most of the big stars now reside in the States. Moreover, because college tennis is only an intramural activity in Australia, there is a drain at the other end, too: 200 or more of the best young Aussie kids are on tennis scholarships at U.S. colleges (and likely to stay here as teaching pros when they graduate).

But the important thing, the sad, selfish thing, is not that Australia has suffered a loss, but that tennis has. In a very real sense, the Aussies set the tone of the game. If America is the bankroll, Britain the mother, Australia is the conscience of tennis. The words Allison Danzig wrote many years ago still ring

true: "I was impressed, too, by the dignity and unflinching composure with which the Australians carried themselves on the court—the carnage of thoroughbreds." The greatest tribute to the Aussies in Hartford is that everyone connected with the World Cup seems more interested in keeping the Aussies than in selling out the Civic Center. The charming Captain Stolle has so endeared himself to the Insurance City that he is held in the esteem usually reserved only for paid-up octogenarian policyholders.

This time in defeat, as always in victory, the Aussies played hard and fair, with never an alibi. "It sounds old fuddy-duddy," says Newcombe, who didn't play on account of a broken ankle, "but it happens to be true: we have no fear of losing. That's why we've always been such good match players. We were brought up to play the game, just to go out there and play our best." All players of all nations felt an unconscious pressure to live up to that graceful standard. It is impossible to conceive that the tasteless hijinks of a Nastase would be tolerated today were the Australians still in the saddle.

Tennis has never been more international. By almost unanimous accord, the top seven players of '76 came from seven different countries on three continents. Yet this spectacular diffusion of talent comes at a high price. There are no nationalities left in tennis, just freebooters roaming the tournament seas. Connors, Borg and Nastase could not be bothered to play for the world championship in the Grand Prix finals at Houston in December. None of these three glamour players (or Adriano Panatta, the handsome Italian star) played more than 15 tournaments last year. Because none of the rich young heroes appear to have any interest in the game much beyond where their booking agents direct them, Newcombe, who is all but retired as a serious competitor, felt obliged to take over the presidency of the players' union, the Association of Tennis Professionals.

So, at least in this one symbolic way, the Aussies still lead—even if that scepter must be passed on soon enough, too. And some other team will play in the World Cup. There are always hot box-office opponents to be found. Hartford will not miss the Australians for being worthy rivals nearly so much as the game will struggle without those thoroughbreds to support its burdens. **END**



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The city game, country style

by Rick Tolander

A dusty, weather-beaten man, the heels of his cowboy boots hooked securely on the bottom rung of his stool, looks out the window of the Glacier Bar onto Main Street, Lewistown, Mont. (pop. 9,400). "There goes one," he says.

Outside, a tall man, perhaps 6' 7", with an additional four or five inches of sequined platforms, Afro and chaireuse Sluggo cap, walks past, his knee-length coat flapping, tape deck blaring. A minute more and another grunt strides by, this one well tanned with flowing blond hair, perhaps 6' 10", clad in sneakers and denim, a misguided surfer in search of a board shop or the perfect mountain tube.

"There goes another," says the man, his tone like a fair-goer's at the Lizard Lady display.

The circus element is a real one each March in this quiet, mountain-encircled town as 16 amateur basketball teams arrive to compete in the Western Invitational Tourney, a 28-game, four-day, double-elimination brouhaha with all the apparent logic of a calf-roping derby in downtown Newark. Basketball, the sport of small spaces and big cities, has seldom seemed so out of place as it does in the Land of the Big Sky.

Glenn Roberts, who does the tourney play-by-play for radio station KXLO in Lewistown (not to be confused with Lewiston, Idaho, to which mail is frequently

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALT SPITZMILLER

In the small, mountain-encircled community of Lewistown, Mont., big men from big places compete every March in a 28-game, four-day basketball jamboree. It may not match the NCAA playoffs, but don't tell the local cowpokes who spur the players on.





Montana continued

misaddressed), says that each year the players get bigger and better. He adds, "After 14 years I still find it amazing that they even come here."

Lewistown, after all, is an authentic cattle town with little in the way of creature comforts for swinging athletes. There is no ski shop or discotheque. The nearest major airport is 100 miles away in Great Falls. Locals talk Angus and winter wheat, and scrape real manure from their boots. Their Levi's are worn, not "pre-faded"; their cowboy hats are adorned with salt crust, not buttons or pop-top chains. But they appreciate good

basketball, and the 13,000 or so who file into the tiny Civic Center over the four days represent, according to Barney Berger, tournament coordinator, "all of Lewistown and just about everything else around."

The WIT, which was started by the Lewistown Jaycees 32 years ago as a competition for local men to be held before they had to drive their cattle to the high country, is one of the few remaining high-level AAU basketball events in the nation. Teams are entered not by college but by sponsor, leading to a singular Yellow Pages effect. Some of the better

continued





To accommodate seven games a day, play begins early and ends late, yet many townsfolk watch it all. A favorite gathering spot for idle players is the local hotel lobby.



teams last year were the New Propane Recappers from Utah, Macy Trucking from South Dakota, the Fifth National Banque Lounge from Arizona and Chico's Pizza from Spokane.

The sponsor of the winning team gets \$1,200 for expenses, but as one player said, "Our man is so rich he'll just give us the dough." Still, small cash incentives cannot explain why players of the caliber of Nate Archibald, Leonard Gray and Willie Sojourner have participated in the WIT before going pro. "Basically, we have a good reputation," says one of the Jaycees, "not as a glamour tournament, but as a jock's tournament."

The level of play is indeed high, if disorganized. Ex-pros are allowed to participate if they have AAU cards, as are NAIA players and NCAA seniors. Ken Gardner, a former Utah Star now playing for the New Propane Recappers, says the competition is "generally much better than college ball." One of the standard verifications is that Phil Jackson, now with the New York Knicks, did not make the WIT All-Star team in his 1967 appearance.

But certain things do lead to a Wild West atmosphere in the games—notably the conglomeration of various court rules. The floor is high school-size, the 20-minute halves are college regulation,



For Boyd Batts, a Nevada-Las Vegas forward competing for Yogo, and his fellow players, leaving Lewistown at week's end means a 100-mile drive to the airport in Great Falls.



the 24-second clock and six-foot quota are from the pros. And because sponsors never know who will show up, programs are virtually useless. "It's one thing for a kid in Los Angeles to say he's coming," says Glenn Roberts. "It's another for him to be here after he looks at a map. A lot of players are last-minute, midnight acquisitions."

But woe to the team that takes the tournament lightly. In 1975 the Blue Moon of Sunnyside, Wash. brought in a bunch of playground heroes and lost by 112 points to the Renton Roadrunners. Even a team as well stocked as the Scobey Merchants, with ex-USC standouts Buff Burrell and Clint Chapman and Rick Bellofio, an all-conference center from Texas Tech, could do no better than third place.

No local team has been entered for several years, which makes sense considering the alternatives available to would-be players. A Lewistown boy would have to be something of a masochist to spend his days dribbling in a sweaty gym instead of enjoying the stupendous beauty outdoors. Surrounded by rolling plains, mountains and streams, Lewistown is defined by clean air and fresh water. The local drink, known as a "bourbon datch," owes its name to the cowboy custom of dipping mixer straight from the nearest creek. "Homesteaders had a hell of a time trying to make a go of it here," says Don Morrison, a 54-year resident. "The place was just too pretty for 'em."

During breaks at the Civic Center, basketball talk invariably digresses to fishing talk, with everyone telling stories about his favorite secret trout hole. Big Spring Creek, however, is no secret. It gushes from the ground eight miles above town and flows right under Main Street, pure as tap water. Schoolchildren and workers on lunch breaks frequently take a few minutes to drop a line from the sidewalk and yank out potbellied rainbows as firm and cold as if they had been refrigerated. In the fall, of course, if one isn't too busy hiking, horseback riding or ogling the colors, there is hunting for male deer, white tails, grouse and elk.

Crime in Lewistown is virtually nonexistent. "What there is comes mostly from out-of-staters violating fish and game laws," says Bob Knopp, tournament publicity chairman. Indeed, the

tournament at times seems little more than an opportunity for the citizens to show off their friendliness to strangers. Asking directions can lead to half-hour chats and dinner invitations.

But the weather can be hostile. "Seems every winter they find somebody dead in their car in a snowdrift," says an 80-year-old man out for a Sunday jog. "We get some blows can put the fear of God in you. Even in March."

And lest the people of central Montana feel too remote from the times, there are the small cement and barbed-wire squares laid out in the cow pastures to bring them back to present-day reality. "Those are the underground Minute-men," says Glenn Roberts. "They're connected by cables about 150 feet deep and they're programmed to go up over the Arctic. The government's going to put in new ones with multiple nuclear warheads pretty soon."

For the most part the players are not overly concerned with the town, having come strictly for the court action. "Outside of college or the pros there really isn't much else," says former Arizona State star Jim Owens, who with the rest of his Phoenix teammates drove 30 hours through desert, mountains and snow to play in the tournament.

The culture shock can be rugged, though, particularly for blacks. "We went to this place called the Bar 19," says Jerry Fort from Chicago and the University of Nebraska, "and there were cowboys with real—what do you call those things—ten-gallon hats. The band was playing country stuff, and all the jukebox carried was the same thing. We came back to the motel and watched TV."

Most of the players' scrutiny is focused on the playing area. The gym floor, which is soft and springs, merits their approval, but the ceiling is low, the stands hold only 1,400 and there is no room between the crowd and the out-of-bounds line. Several times during the tournament players following through on layups have hit the padded doors under one of the baskets and continued out onto the street. "I bet those doors surprise them," says Bob Knopp. So does the officiating, which at times can resemble the early work of the Three Stooges. Fights are common and leaping into the air can be an invitation to have one's body sent to

the lobby to join the souvenir T shirts and hot dogs.

Boyd Batts, captain of the Nevada-Las Vegas team that lost in the 1976 NCAA Regionals to Arizona, claims he'll warn his friends back at school about playing in the tournament. "I've never played in a game that rough," he said after his first loss. "I've never had a dude stick his fingers all the way up my nose."

In general, though, the atmosphere is good-time, low-key. There is still room among the giants for a team like the "Joint Effort" of Missoula, a scruffy band of basketball pretenders. "We're just good old Montana boys," says Wayne Sletten, the bearded player-coach-toussimaster. "We're outclassed and we know it, but we don't care. We close the bars every night."

The fans enjoy talking to the players and screaming and hooting, but they really don't care who wins, either. "You can't get too excited about whether a hotel can beat a pizza joint," says one local citizen. By the end of the week talk has invariably switched to the monster paddfish spawning in the nearby Missouri River. Governor Thomas Judge arrived on the last night of the 1976 tournament and stated that Montanans are absolutely "crazy about basketball." Then, for good measure, he threw a pie in a Jaycee's face.

With an area twice as large as New England and a population one-fifth the size of the Boston area's, it seems reasonably certain that Montana will never be the hard-core basketball state some of the natives tend to think it is. But the big blue sky and pristine mountains can become mundane to someone who sees them daily, and a wild basketball tourney becomes an attractive alternative.

"It's a celebration, sure," says Kirk Maxwell, who drives up each year from Billings for the WIT. "But with all the huge, talented people around, it's also very humbling."

Tom Blackwell, a WIT participant whose home is in a tough black neighborhood in Chicago, admits he was "scared" when he went to Montana to go to school. Now, however, he appreciates Big Sky country. "I never had much of a chance for the outdoors back in the city," he says. "You just don't get a lot of fresh air on the South Side." **END**

THREE FAST ROUNDS IN SAGINAW



It was a miserable winter day in northern Michigan. The pavement was wet but not icy because it wasn't quite cold enough to freeze. I was driving a two-lane blacktop winding through the sand-hill country. White-tailed deer country, too, with pine, oak, birch and aspen, no good for farming, fairly isolated and particularly lonely-looking through the mist and fog and rain. I was driving to Saginaw to meet a photographer. We had a hurry-up assignment.

There was a car in the ditch ahead of me, and I wondered how any idiot could go off the road on a straight stretch of non-slippery, two-lane blacktop. I touched the brakes and nearly lost control. The pavement ahead was shining. It was glare ice. As I slid past, I noticed that the driver of the ditched car was a woman wearing a white stocking cap. She sat behind the wheel, staring into the woods. Exhaust still blew out of the car's tail pipe.

I coasted to a stop and saw what had happened. There was a creek bottom off

to the side. Cold air collects in creek bottoms. The temperature change had created a highway of glare ice for a half mile. I looked at a curve ahead as the road wound out of the hollow and went up over the hill. I wouldn't have made that curve, I thought. No way.

All right. I would go back and pull that idiot out of the ditch. Without her, it would have been me. And my priceless 10-year-old, four-wheel-drive pickup truck. Down in that creek bottom, no less. Of course I would pull her out. The dream of every 4x4 owner is to find a damsel in distress in such a lonely spot. Then came the sound of another vehicle.

I knew the approaching car was in trouble as it broke over the hill with the creek-bottom curve just below. I remember thinking how curious it was to see a car coming sideways down a hill, taking up both lanes of the road. For so long a time. And then it spun around facing the opposite way, sliding toward the shoulder. I remember thinking, *I hope he*

doesn't flip, just before the car hit the soft shoulder and somersaulted into an unbelievably high, graceful, silent arc that ended with two heavy crashes out of my sight below the road bank. For a couple of seconds I sat stunned by the amount of daylight I had seen between the car and the ground.

Farewell, damsel in distress. I put the truck in gear and drove slowly ahead. It was only 200 yards away. I thought, *I hope I like whoever is in there*. When I got out of the truck I heard moaning from the creek bottom. As I slid down the hill I cursed myself for not having taken a first-aid course somewhere. What do you know, you dumb clod?

The first thing I saw of Kevin Ellison was his hip boots, both of them, sticking out from under a bundle of clothes. No, that bundle was Kevin. I knelt down. No blood. Eyes open. A little shock, maybe. Head in the snow. Hip boots.

His car was 20 feet away.
"Is there anyone else in the car?" I asked.

It was the most exciting Golden Gloves fight the 5,400 spectators had ever seen, especially so for the author: that icy winter morning he had been there when welterweight Kevin Ellison was thrown from his somersaulting car by **RON RAU**

"No," was the slightly dazed reply.

"How do you feel?" I asked, at once aware of the ridiculousness of the question.

"My back. My back."

It was kind of a whimper, but there was no more moaning.

He lay on his side almost in the prenatal position. "My back. My back. Dammit, my back," he wailed.

"Hey, you're lucky to be alive," I said. "You came out of it real good."

He began beating the ground with his fist. "I was only going 40 miles an hour. I was only going 40," he yelled at the fates which have control over such things. "Where's my car?"

I moved the jacket collar away from his face. "Over there."

"Wow!"

I got a little scared just then. What if another car did the same thing? Here

we were on the landing site. Should I move him?

Don't Move The Injured Victim.

He raised up on an elbow and fell back down.

"Hey, don't try to move," I said.

"My back, my back," he cried, beating the ground again, harder this time. "Dammit, I gotta fight tonight."

"You what?"

"I gotta fight tonight. In the Golden Gloves. In Saginaw. Will you call my girl friend? I go with the Farro girl. Will you call her? I live in Pinconning."

"First we gotta take care of you."

I said, "Then I'll call her. I'll call anyone you want. How about a nice red ambulance?"

"No. No. No way. I'm all right. Just my back hurts. Why today?"

I looked up to the road. No one there yet. If another car came down the hill

out of control, I was going to move the injured victim. Someone left a footnote out of that rule.

Now Kevin was sitting, braced against the hillside by an arm. Five minutes later he stood up. Or half stood up. He was bent over like an old man without a cane. Nothing mattered yet but the fight. "Will you help me up that hill?" he asked.

Why not? I held onto him as we climbed the hill, but he made it under his own power. When we got to the road shoulder Kevin finally straightened his back. "I gotta fight tonight," he said again. "Geezus, I gotta fight tonight!"

From the road we surveyed the accident scene. Down the 15-foot embankment a trail of glass, metal, spare tire, paper and steel traps ran to the car, which was on its side and wedged into a cluster of small pines. I didn't like the nakedness of the undercarriage: oil pan, axles, tie rods, transmission, the bottom of the gas tank . . . all those things you're not supposed to see.

"Man, I really did a number on my car, didn't I?" he said. "Would you help me pick up my traps? I got a dozen brand new traps."

continued



"Sure, sure," I said, and started down the hill. Halfway down, Kevin started after me.

"Hey, stay up there," I yelled. I thought about tackling him.

Kevin remembered that he had left his billfold under the passenger seat, so as not to get it soaked if he happened to go in over his hip boots when he set his traps. He asked if I would crawl into the car and try to find it.

It's a unique sensation, reordering the arrangement of an overturned vehicle. Ah yes, here is the steering wheel. That must be the passenger seat. Underneath will now be on top. I fumbled around in the springs but came up with no billfold.

"Maybe I put it in the glove box," said Kevin, who was holding the door open. I checked. No. Maybe under the driver's seat.

Turn the ignition off, fool. You've been through this twice yourself and still haven't learned?

A hurried search for the ignition switch. I handed Kevin the keys, now useless chunks of metal. And a .410 shotgun, broken off clean at the pistol grip, caught between the door and the ground. Then I saw the billfold, outside the car on the pine needles. I reached through the broken window to retrieve it and crawled back out. Kevin picked up a couple of traps. I got the rest and we piled them on the road shoulder.

"I'm gonna fight tonight," he told me. "I'm not gonna let that guy have it." "I believe you." "I really didn't."

Finally, there were other people standing on the road looking at us, shaking their heads. We joined them. A tow truck showed up, looking for a woman in a blue car. She was standing with us. Kevin walked around, working his back and mumbling about the fight. Some of the men smiled. I guess I did, too. But I did consider telling him not to lie down, to stay active and loose so he wouldn't stiffen up.

Before I left I got his name and phone number. If this kid was going to fight, I was going to be there. By this time he was standing up straight. Almost.

An hour and a half later I bubbled my story to the photographer as he stepped into the airport terminal. Actually, I let him listen to my side of the telephone conversation with the ticket manager at the Saginaw Civic Center. I told her the story and why we just had to have the seats. She believed me. It was championship night and already a sellout, but she'd try to get us seats.

The photographer let it slip that he'd photographed most of Muhammad Ali's fights. That was his second mistake. The first was showing up with his cameras. I started in on him immediately.

When we returned to the accident

scene (which was on the way to our original assignment), Kevin and his car were gone. I pointed out the skid marks and the gouges in the creek bank and the sheared-off pines and gave my finest rendering of the accident. About three hours later, after shameless badgering and constant threats and innuendo, the photographer agreed to return to Saginaw with me if Kevin was actually going to fight.

At three o'clock I called the number Kevin had given me. His grandmother answered, Kevin was at the doctor's being X-rayed.

"Do you think he'll fight?" I asked.

"Oh, probably. He's the limit," she said. I called again at 5:30. Kevin was on his way to Saginaw.

Kevin's opponent was Willie Hill from the First Ward Community Center in Saginaw. This was the regional open welterweight championship fight, the winner would go to Grand Rapids for the state tournament. The bout was scheduled, as far as anyone knew, I still didn't believe it. In the third round of the fight before Kevin's I went looking for him. There he was, sitting in a folding chair outside the dressing room. He recognized me and smiled, the first time I'd ever seen him do that. I made my way through and reflexively stuck out my hand. Kevin smiled again and stuck out a glove. I grabbed a thumb and gave it a good-luck squeeze.

"How's your back?"

"All right."

Uh-huh. So's your car. I thought.

"See you later," I said.

Kevin nodded.

Naturally, I viewed Kevin as the underdog for this fight, and within the first minute of the first round he became everyone's underdog favorite by ducking into a classic Golden Glove uppercut that started from somewhere out of the overhead ring lights. Ducked right into it. Kevin went down. The old "bolo" punch, we used to call it. The fight was stopped and the doctor examined the inch-long cut on Kevin's left cheekbone. I watched Kevin's face. He didn't look hurt or dazed, just terribly annoyed at himself.

The doctor spent an unusually long time looking at the cut. Oh, no! Oh, no, I was thinking. They can't stop it. They hadn't seen his car flipping through the air just 10 hours ago. They hadn't heard the moaning from the creek bot-

continued



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tom. They hadn't knelt over him lying there in the wet snow, bent almost in half for five or 10 minutes, slamming his fist into the snow, almost crying, but not quite, not from pain but because. "I gotta fight tonight ... dammit, I got to fight tonight."

And now they were thinking about stopping the fight because of a cut under his eye. I sat there with my mouth open. What irony. They can't.

They didn't.

Kevin and Willie went at it again, Kevin looking just a little groggy from the punch, but mostly looking annoyed. They fought toe-to-toe for the next half minute with Kevin getting the worst of it, taking a couple of good punches in the face because he was too eager and careless. Willie was playing it smart, engaging in a flurry of toe-to-toe combat and then feigning a retreat and laying on a good one as Kevin charged.

"Pace yourself! Pace yourself, Kevin," I screamed from ringside.

I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was Kevin's manager. The look on his face told me, without a doubt, that I'd said the wrong thing.

"Don't tell him that," he said sternly. "That ain't his style."

He was right. I should have known.

Kevin caught another Golden Glove uppercut just before the bell. Willie sat in his corner looking confident and relaxed. Kevin sat directly above me, breathing heavily, his face cut and already swollen, looking annoyed.

Round 2 brought the 5,400 people to their feet. It began with Kevin going down again, then turned into a classic example of Golden Gloves center-ring, stand-off fighting: the continuous flurry of elbows and arms and the whump of blows landed and blocked; two gloved right hands colliding like the two famous Civil War bullets welded together in mid-flight. Both wanted to be the aggressor. The crowd was standing and screaming. The referee looked on unbelievably. Not once had he needed to break the fighters, nor would he have to. Certainly Willie scored the early points and had looked strong and poised—if one can inject the word "poised" into such a melee. I was wondering if Kevin's punches had anything behind them until midway through the round, when Willie finally staggered and retreated. For the first time Kevin had the momentum. Or did he? Willie was still landing that first good blow as

Kevin advanced. Willie was scoring points, but he was in trouble now that he was backpedaling. Both men were in trouble. The crowd was as crazy as before. I wondered what it would be like if the crowd knew what I knew.

The second half of the round belonged to Kevin, I figured, but not as much as the first part had belonged to Willie. The bell rang. The fighters received an ovation. They were the only ones who sat down.

Between rounds, I stood shaking with excitement and pride. I was hoarse from screaming. It was by far the best fight of the night and I knew that nobody, not Kevin's parents, not his girl friend (who spent the entire fight in the lobby), not his trainer, not a single person in the arena appreciated it more than I did.

Round 3 was Kevin's. Practically the entire round was fought just six feet away from my screaming mouth. Kevin had Willie on the ropes almost the entire time. "You gotta knock him out! You gotta knock him out!" I yelled. I remember thinking that neither fighter would know who I was screaming at (as if they were listening), so I punctuated my yells with, "Kevin, you gotta knock him out!" I kept trying to yell during a lull in the noise, but there was no such thing. Kevin was pummeling Willie against the ropes, but Willie would not go down. He was in trouble and both men were tired, but Willie would not go down. "Kevin, you gotta knock him out!" Whump. Whump. Whump. A couple of the whumps belonged to Willie, which was why he did not receive a mandatory eight count for being on the ropes so long. Whump. Whump. Whump. Whump. Willie would not go down.

The bell ended the fight.

For a few moments nobody realized it was over. The crowd seemed stunned. Then the ovation began. It must have lasted a full minute.

Willie went over to Kevin's corner and embraced his opponent. Kevin did not return the gesture. I believe he thought he'd lost. He did not look angry or fearful or even sullen. . . he looked as he did when I'd found him that morning: dazed and annoyed. I doubt that he even knew his opponent had embraced him.

Strangely enough, when it was announced that Willie Hall had won the fight, I felt no disappointment. I didn't even hear the booing, which someone told me about later. Maybe it was because

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SAGINAW continued

cause I expected that Willie would win, or maybe because I knew that Kevin would win no matter who won, but disappointment? No. Even Kevin did not look disappointed. He looked, well, yes, annoyed.

Over the noise of the crowd the ring announcer said, "Not only has this been the best fight of the night, this has been the best fight we've seen in Saginaw in 15 years!" That's exactly how long they've had the Gloves in Saginaw.

Two days after the fight I went with Kevin and his black Labrador retriever Satan to pick up his beaver traps. Further studies of his X rays had revealed a fractured vertebra. The doctor ordered him off his job at the Kraft cheese plant in Pinconning for five weeks and told him to stay out of the woods. When I met Kevin in the parking lot of a café at Skidway Lake, he hobbled out of the car as though he had a wooden leg. His face was still swollen and purple under the eyes. A Band-Aid covered five stitches in the cheekbone cut. He finally looked and acted like someone who'd been in an overturned car.

We drove to a creek that had been dammed by a beaver colony. Kevin's traps had frozen in after the rain and then another freeze. We chopped them out of the ice and he decided to leave them "another day or so."

We went to his home, where he showed me his boxing trophies from the only other year he had fought in the Gloves, 1973, at the age of 16. He had been regional champ and had won a "best fight of the night" trophy that year, too. That didn't surprise me.

He spoke well of you, Willie, and he felt badly about not returning or acknowledging the embrace after the bell. I was right. He didn't even know you were there.

And, Willie, I'm not trying to take anything away from your victory by this one-sided reporting job. It's just that I saw the accident and couldn't believe Kevin would fight that night. And I'm not saying that he would have beaten you if he hadn't hurt his back. You have nearly 5,500 witnesses who will testify that you certainly weren't fighting a cripple.

Maybe I'm doing you a favor by telling you this. You might come up against Kevin next year and want to train just a little harder. He's a tough kid, as we both know.

END

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RIGHT UP THE VIEWERS' ALLEY



NEW YORK BOWLER DEBORAH O'DONNELL DOWNED EIGHT PINS

Bowling for Dollars is televised sport's answer to *Let's Make a Deal*. Under whatever name you see the show—different versions appear nightly in 16 different cities—the contestants are straight out of the Tuesday-night league at the local lanes, and the bowling is therefore about what you'd expect. The fast-talking hosts spend most of their time soothing the nerves of camera-struck bowlers. The small studio audiences, composed almost exclusively of friends and relatives of the contestants, sit in blocs of seats that look like the Peanut Gallery on *Howdy Doody*. Unquestionably, *Bowling for Dollars* is low-brow. It's cornball. It's also hugely successful. Last year one million people applied to appear on the show. Almost five million watch it every evening. And these are not the only signs of popularity.

- In Baltimore, where it originated as *Duckpins and Dollars*, the program is now in its 11th season.

- In 1973 and 1974, *Bowling for Dollars* beat *Walter Cronkite*, *Lucille Ball* and *What's My Line* in Los Angeles TV ratings.

- When it first went on the air in Boston, *Candlepins for Cash* attracted a 40% share of the 5:30 p.m. viewing audience, providing the news on WNBC with such a strong lead-in that it moved from last place to first in the local ratings.

What is the attraction of *Bowling for Dollars*? Not sports action, certainly, because on

each half-hour program the seven contestants actually bowl only about a minute apiece. There are no celebrities and the winnings are minuscule, averaging \$1,800 a week a city. Nor is variety one of *Bowling for Dollars*' strengths. Its format is unalterably fixed. A contestant is introduced and chats for a minute with the host, then moves to the Pin Pal barrel and picks a card from among those sent in by viewers. (If the bowler wins, the Pin Pal gets half the prize.) Finally, he or she gets to roll a

ball down an alley. (One night there are four women and three men; the next night the ratio is reversed.)

The main reason for *Bowling for Dollars* popularity would seem to be that a lot of people enjoy watching just plain folks like themselves on television. And in seven cities the show is often live, which adds an element of unpredictability. One night Bob Gamese, host of the Boston show, asked a contestant what he did all day. "I make apples," the seedworker replied. And in nearly every city, at one time or another, a bowling ball has come off a contestant's hand on the backswing and gone flying in the wrong direction. So far the studio audiences have escaped injury.

"When *Bowling for Dollars* starts in a new location, it takes a while for people to get in the habit of watching it," says John Cluser, who is in charge of the program's syndication. "It takes time for enough people to appear on the show, get their money and tell their coworkers about it. Our ratings almost always double after the first few months."

Bowling for Dollars has been in the Cluser family since 1956, when John's father Bert thought up the format as an advertising vehicle for a Baltimore beer company. The elder Cluser already had credentials as a promoter, having helped discover Jerry Lewis and launch his career at the Hippodrome Theater. He also conceived, produced and syndi-

cated the long-running *Romper Room* series—his wife was the show's original teacher, Miss Nancy—and produced the country's first disco show, *Teen Canteen*.

Duckpins and Dollars appeared once a week until 1968, when it went daily. In the fall of 1971 national syndication was started with a second show in Milwaukee. The next summer Los Angeles was added, and by early 1973 *Bowling for Dollars* was No. 1 at its time slot in the second-biggest TV market in the country. "The key to people accepting the show is more than just a fluke in Baltimore was getting to the top in the L.A. ratings," says John Cluser. Stations in 27 cities have broadcast the show, including 16 of the country's 25 largest markets.

Many *Bowling for Dollars* hosts have sports backgrounds. Gamese took over *Candlepins for Cash* after broadcasting play-by-play of New York Yankee games. Chick Hearn, the voice of the Lakers, hosted the Los Angeles show for four years. Dallas' Verne Lundquist covers the Cowboys and announces college football games for ABC.

In each location the format allows minor tailoring to local bowling preferences. *Candlepins* is the game on the Boston version, and an unusual five-pin variation is shown in Kitchener, Ontario. Baltimore is the only city where the contestant has a choice of games; the left-hand lane is for impies, the right-hand one for duckpins. Regardless of the game, the object of the shows is the same: the bowler gets the jackpot by rolling strikes. In Kitchener it takes three in a row to win. On the shows that use tenpins, two consecutive strikes are required, and for duckpins and candlepins a bowler has to get a strike on his first try. On most shows the jackpot starts at \$200 and increases by \$20 each time a contestant fails. In a few cases it has grown as large as \$7,800. Moreover, in Boston a spare is worth \$60 and in New York the first strike nets the bowler \$100.

Even if the contestant doesn't roll a strike or a spare, he (and his Pin Pal) still get a dollar each for every pin he knocks down. That at least, pays for a milk shake (all right, a beer) on the ride back home, when suits most losers late. After all, they've been on TV for a few minutes, which makes them celebrities at the bowladrome on Tuesday.

END

Much More?

Just how much more is More, the 120mm cigarette? Let's take a look.

More is longer. And burns slower. That means there's more time to enjoy those extra puffs of its smooth, mild taste.

More is styled leaner. And it's burnished brown. That means it looks as good as it tastes.

More. It's like any really good cigarette. And much more.



FILTER 21 mg "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL 21 mg "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC '76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

**There's a signal in the air
that lets the broadcaster control the color.**

There's a set that can use it now.

Ours.



Cabinet constructed of hardwood solids, veneers and simulated wood accents

Our set is General Electric. The signal is called V.I.R. And both are remarkable. Many TV programs are now transmitted with this special V.I.R. signal. Advanced computer-like circuitry, in selected GE color models, uses this V.I.R. signal to give you color and tint adjusted by the broadcasters themselves. 60 times every second. Continuously. Automatically. This means you won't have to fiddle with color control settings, because General Electric's V.I.R. system makes these adjustments for you. All you have to do is sit back and enjoy broadcast controlled color.

We invite you to see a demonstration at your GE dealer. Look for the V.I.R. light on a General Electric set. It tells you the V.I.R. signal is being sent and being received by the GE set. Then watch the GE set automatically adjust the color in the picture. You've got to see it to believe it.

V.I.R. Broadcast Controlled Color. GE has it. Now.



VIR
BROADCAST
CONTROLLED
COLOR

THIS IS GE PERFORMANCE TELEVISION

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Major league scouts have their eyes on Florida State's Terry Kennedy, a long-ball hitter with an arm like Bench's

A catcher who's caught their fancy

Baseball has become all the rage at Florida State, which is quite a change for a school heretofore more renowned as the home of America's only college circus and as the self-professed birthplace of streaking. The Seminole fans' new fervor is entirely understandable. Florida State can hit. It has virtually the same lineup this year that scored more than eight runs a game in 1976 when it had a 40-16 record. And after a recent two-game series against Jacksonville, which had eliminated FSU from the NCAA regionals a year ago, Coach Woody Woodward's worries about his pitching were diminished. In the opener, Mike Bretz and Brooks Carey beat the Dolphins 12-1. The next day Larry Jones, who is the winningest pitcher in Florida State history with 31 victories, and Reliever Jackie Smith combined for a 4-0 two-hitter.

Yet as good as the other Seminoles are, the loudest cheers—and the closest scrutiny by the dozens of major league scouts who regularly attend all FSU games—are reserved for junior Catcher Terry Kennedy. The youngest of Chica-

go Cub General Manager Bob Kennedy's five children, Terry chose Florida State over the more prestigious baseball schools near his home in Mesa, Ariz. Since arriving in Tallahassee, he has ripened like an orange in the Florida sun. In the first Jacksonville game he went 3 for 4, drove in four runs and hit a two-run homer 380 feet against the wind. In the second game he walked twice, homered to right center and threw out the only runner who tried to steal on him.

"He bats left, hits with great power to all fields, throws well and has really improved his catching," says the Major League Scouting Bureau's Bob Reasonover, who reports to 21 clubs on players in north Florida. "He's very close to being ready to catch in the big leagues." Jacksonville Coach Jack Lamabe, who pitched seven years in the majors, says, "He has quick hands and a quick release. He has quick hands and a quick release. He has quick hands and a quick release. He has quick hands and a quick release."

Neither Reasonover nor Lamabe expressed concern that Kennedy had al-

lowed two runners to advance on a passed ball, but Kennedy was a bit rueful. "The toughest thing about catching is the receiving—learning not to fight the pitch," he said. "The throwing has always come easy." With that, he rolled some tape into a ball, threw it gently at a teammate and hit him between the eyes.

"He needs to catch every day and handle good pitchers," says Woodward, the 34-year-old former Cincinnati Reds shortstop who looks young enough to play for Florida State himself. "He's a perfectionist. I don't want to destroy his intense drive, but he has to learn that he can't have a good game every day. He'll find that out when he starts playing every day in the pros."

Chances are, that process will begin in June when Kennedy reports to a major league farm club after being selected early in the draft. Hard-hitting catchers are rare, and no one is too worried about Kennedy's defense. After all, he has been catching for only two years; in fact, in the last two seasons Kennedy caught only half of FSU's games, playing the outfield or being the DH in the rest.

continued

THE LONGER W THE LONGER

If how long a car lasts is any indication of how well it's built, you'll be interested to know that Volvos have been lasting longer.

Latest figures from the Swedish Motor Vehicle Inspection Company show that in the last ten years, the average life expectancy of a Volvo in Sweden has increased by 37%.

We can't guarantee a Volvo will last the same length of time in this country. But it's nice to know the potential for survival is there.

Of course, reducing the speed with which a Volvo travels to the junkyard isn't the only improvement we've made in ten years. We've also found a lot of ways to make that trip safer and more enjoyable.

We've introduced rack and pinion steering because it's surer and more precise.

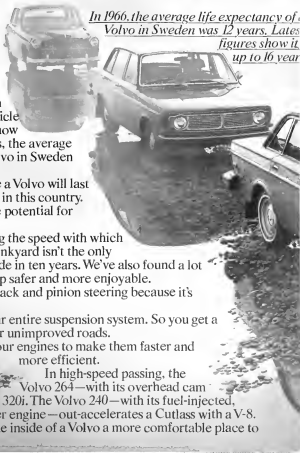
We've improved our entire suspension system. So you get a smooth ride...even over unimproved roads.

We've redesigned our engines to make them faster and more efficient.

In high-speed passing, the Volvo 264—with its overhead cam V-6—surpasses a BMW 320i. The Volvo 240—with its fuel-injected, overhead cam 4-cylinder engine—out-accelerates a Cutlass with a V-8.

We've also made the inside of a Volvo a more comfortable place to spend the years.

In 1966, the average life expectancy of a Volvo in Sweden was 12 years. Latest figures show it up to 16 years



WE BUILD THEM THEY LAST.

We've added a 12-outlet heating and ventilation system that keeps the air continuously fresh.

In 1964, we introduced orthopedically-designed bucket seats. Which we've been improving ever since.

Volvo seats now adjust in eight different directions. They have lumbar supports that you can firm or soften against the small of your back. And on the Volvo 264, the driver's seat is heated.

When it comes to safety,

no one demands more of Volvo than Volvo.

Even the U.S. government is impressed by what we've accomplished.

They recently bought 24 Volvos for a testing program that will help establish safety standards for cars of the future.

What all of this proves is simple.

A Volvo may last a long time.

But you'll get a lot more out of it than years.



VOLVO

The car for people who think...



MAN TO MAN

by John Weitz

Style tips from the internationally famous men's fashion authority and designer of Capitán cigars.

What's the secret of style?

Be a *star maker*. It works no matter how you like to dress. Casually or classically.

It even works with a cigar. Not just any cigar, mind you, but a Capitán. Because we designed Capitán to flatter your face while it flatters your taste.

The *star technique*: choose just *one* article of clothing to *star*. Like a shirt. Make it wild, but make the rest solid color.

Everyone will say, "Great shirt." Next day make a tie the *star*. Do it with jeans. Knock-out sports shirt. Anything. One star.

Everything else supporting cast. You get the idea. Now you know why I designed five slim, trim shapes for Capitán. Because you should smoke a cigar, a cigar shouldn't smoke you. The Capitán pack was specially selected, too. It's a special maroon that blends well with men's clothes.

We know a Capitán should star where it's important. In the quality of its tobaccos and craftsmanship.

For instance, our Capitán experts use one of the world's premier wrapper tobaccos—dark, satiny African Cameroon. Besides handsome looks, Cameroon offers an incredibly smooth taste that

complements the mild, imported Capitán filler blend. Light up a good-looking Capitán. The aroma will tell you you've discovered a star.

Capitán. A great cigar that looks it.



COLLEGE BASEBALL *continued*

Kennedy began learning about baseball at age 4, but he didn't play competitively until he was 12, or ambitiously until he was 14. He inherited a strong arm from his father, a third baseman-outfielder for most of his 19-year major league career. The elder Kennedy also taught his son how to hit. "One thing I feel happy about is that Terry has good knowledge when he's at the plate," says Bob Kennedy. "He's a fan and a student of Ted Williams."

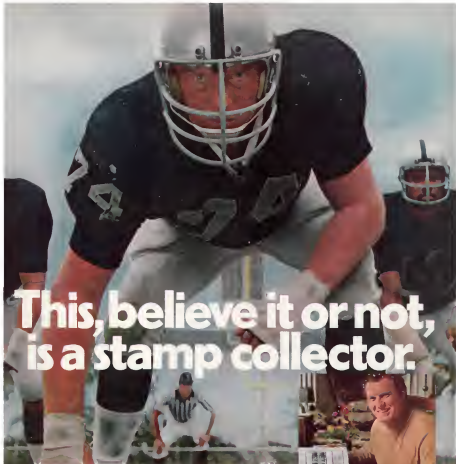
At bat, Kennedy has an upright stance and a short, compact swing with a slight uppercut. He also has a very discerning eye, and will not so much as move the bat if a pitch is an inch or two off the plate. Last year he struck out just 39 times in 195 at bats, a low percentage for a power hitter. When he doesn't get his home run punch, Kennedy improves his batting average by spraying the ball, a tactic suggested by Williams. "Ted came to Florida State once," Woodward recalls. "He told the kids he pulled the ball because he was paid to hit homers, but that if he had wanted to hit for an even higher average, he would have hit to left and through the middle."

Kennedy's favorite player was another Williams, ex-Cub Billy, a line-drive spray hitter with a picturesque swing. Terry's chief instructor, though, was his father, who made him take 100 to 150 swings a day and taught him to think ahead on defense and think with discipline at the plate.

Still, young Kennedy was no hotshot his first two seasons at St. Mary's High in Mesa. But he grew about four inches between his junior and senior years, and suddenly he was a 6' 3", 220-pound senior with a .375 batting average, three home runs—and a few college offers. "My father coached Woody at Atlanta in 1967 and knew him well," Kennedy says. "He felt that FSU would be a good place to go if I wanted to get away from home, and that Woody was a man who could help teach me about catching."

"At first he couldn't get down in a crouch," says Woodward, "so we put him on a stretching and running program with the track coach." As a freshman, Kennedy hit .343 and had a .537 slugging percentage but missed the College World Series because of mononucleosis. Last season, he hit .364 and had a phenomenal .810 slugging percentage, 21 homers and 64 runs batted in for a 56-game schedule. One home run traveled 475 feet

continued



This, believe it or not, is a stamp collector.

He's Dave Rowe, defensive tackle with the Super Bowl champion Oakland Raiders. Six foot eight. 280 pounds. And a real pro.

But you know what Dave really does for kicks? He collects stamps. U.S. commemoratives.

Dave started collecting with his grandfather when he was eight. And when football came into his life, stamps didn't go out of it. Because they capture the

history and the people of this country in a special way.

There are new commemoratives at your Post Office every few



Pueblo Indian Pottery (April)



Ceremonial of Sound Recording: Celebrating 100 years of recorded music and speech (March)



Marquis de Lafayette: The 200th anniversary of his arrival in America to aid the Revolutionary Cause (June)

weeks. With all the things that helped make America, America.

You can make your collection as individual as you are.

Just the way Dave has.

"I hope," says Dave, "my son enjoys collecting stamps as much as I do."

U.S. Postal Service

©1977 U.S. Postal Service

Collect U.S. commemoratives. They're fun. They're history. They're America.

Bigfoot's feeding ground: We hid a case of Canadian Club here, then ran like crazy.

Here's how you can find the C.C.



This scene taken from a priceless 1967 movie film shows a female Bigfoot on the banks of Bluff Creek in California.

able 17½ inch footprints so common in the area. Each man had studied firsthand accounts of the creature's behavior, including most of the confirmed Bigfoot sightings. And yes, at times each man struggled with a special kind of fear.

For more than 165 years tales of Bigfoot, a massive 8-foot-tall, 500-pound humanoid, have haunted the natives and visitors in the rugged Pacific Northwest. Considerable evidence indicates that Bigfoot is in fact now stalking the dark forests and lurking in the dank ravines along the Cascade Mountain Range.

Keep your ears open! Watch your back!

Our burial party moved with caution once we learned that thousands of respected people from around the world believed in Bigfoot's existence. So with a 48-pound case of Canadian Club strapped firmly to one man's back, we deployed five other men to cover his front, rear and flank.

Each man was carefully trained to spot the incred-

On November 5, 1976, after hours spent threading our way through this primeval forest, we found Bigfoot's feeding ground, buried the case of C.C. and quickly returned to civilization. But for the rest of our lives we will never know what some of us suspected all along...that Bigfoot himself was watching our every move.

Directions for a few brave souls.

The buried C.C. is located almost the same number of miles south of Canada's Good Hope Mountain (elev. 10,617) as it is north of Bluff Creek in northwestern California.

You'll know you're on the right track when you stumble on a temporarily dormant volcano. Now proceed somewhere between 6 and 9



This plaster cast of a Bigfoot print measures 17½ inches in length, 7 inches in width.



© 1988 C.C. OF CANADA INC. 100% PURE CANADIAN WHISKY. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). 100% PURE CANADIAN WHISKY. 40% ALC/VOL.



A fallen Douglas fir makes a mighty handy bridge across a treacherous mountain stream.

miles (as the eagle flies) from this mountain's frigid peak to an eerie pile of broken green rocks.

Standing high on this unnatural rock pile, walk 65 paces due east to a stream. Turn and walk 70 paces due south. Then freeze in your tracks. Because exactly 11 inches below the soft, virgin forest floor 12 bottles of C.C. are resting peacefully.

Most people will choose to enjoy the smooth taste of Canadian Club in the security of their own homes and never venture into the wilderness. But, if you are the brave one who searches for and finds our delicious treasure, we strongly advise you not to linger in the forest.

Canadian Club
"The Best In The House" in 87 lands.



It works longer than you do.

Because Right Guard Deodorant Stick has all-day odor protection.

The same all-day protection that's made Right Guard the No. 1 men's deodorant for years. So even when you work an extra-long day, it works longer than you do. Right Guard Deodorant Stick.

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Don't get dressed without it.

15¢ Now it works longer than you do for less. Save 15¢.

Mr. Retailer: Gillette will redeem this coupon for face value, plus 5¢ for handling, provided you and the consumer have complied with the terms of the coupon offer. Good only when received by you from a customer purchasing a 2.5-oz. size of Right Guard Deodorant Stick. Proof of purchase in quantified sufficient to justify redemption must be provided on request. Return to do so may void all discounts presented for redemption. Only retail distributors of our products and those specifically authorized by us may present coupon for redemption. Any unauthorized application constitutes fraud. Coupon not transferable and void where prohibited, taxed or restricted. Offer limited to one coupon per purchase. Customer must pay any sales tax. Cash value 1/100¢. Valid only in U.S.A. Mail to: Coupon Redemption Office, P.O. Box 301, Kenilworth, N.J. 07033. Offer expires September 30, 1987.


STORE COUPON
STORE COUPON

15¢ Limit—one coupon per purchase. Good only on 2.5-oz.-size stick.

0588-6M

COLLEGE BASEBALL *continued*

and landed in the adjacent circus grounds. After a game in which Kennedy had two homers, an Oakland scout proclaimed, "I'd pay \$50,000 to have him right now." Kennedy never spoke with the man but says, "I'd know him. He'd be carrying a pad, and he'd be clean-cut. All those scouts look like golfers."

Kennedy finished the season as the *Sporting News'* first-team All-America catcher, but scouts still sensed that they had not seen all he could do. Occasionally sluggish, he developed pharyngitis late in the season and had his tonsils removed over the summer. Now he is completely healthy for the first time in his college career.

Kennedy also has a healthy outlook on life. "I love everything about this school," he says. "In Arizona, people are more concerned about money. Here everyone's your friend. Tallahassee's a very Southern town—they joke about it being the poor part of Georgia."

"I started out majoring in English and journalism, then I switched to business. It seemed more relevant. Now I'm not sure I like it, because of all the paperwork. I don't think I'd want my father's job—too many hassles. And I don't want to be drafted by the Cubs. My brother Bob played in the Cardinal organization when my father was director of player development for the team. Nobody ever said anything to Bob, but he knew people were talking about him. I just want to make it to the big leagues and wind up with financial security. I guess that's what everybody wants."

After the first five games this season, Kennedy was hitting .312, with five RBIs and three homers, and the Seminoles had a 3-2 record. When asked about his chances of breaking the major-college single-season home-run record of 23, set last year by Wyoming's Bill Ewing in 52 games, he says, "People really like homers, don't they? But home runs are just long fly balls. I'm more interested in RBIs. They're a team statistic."

His mother-agent, Claire, is familiar with this outlook. "When he calls, he just tells us who won and how the pitcher did," she says. "We have to ask him, 'Did you play, Terry?' But we try to stay in the background. We allowed him to go away. We wanted him to have enough confidence to work on his own. We just hope he stays Terry."

So do the scouts, Claire, so do the scouts.

END

"I WAS SCARED TO DEATH."

Dotty Henschen had reason to worry. She was under fifty, yet phlebitis had struck twice. And her small hometown of Norwood had lost its only doctor.

Other townspeople were concerned, too. They got together with their local banker and he arranged a loan to help build a clinic.

Within 80 days, the clinic was built and had not just one, but two doctors.

"You can't imagine how much more secure I feel."

Mrs. Henschen says, "just knowing there's a doctor handy."

The money that helped bring medical care to Norwood came from the bank deposits of people like you. And that's just one example of how full-service banks serve to get things done.

Your money in a bank

checking or savings account is there when you need it, in a safe, convenient place. But while it's there, your bank puts it to work.

By arranging money for home mortgage loans, building loans, school and hospital construction and hundreds of other uses, America's Bankers are helping you change things for the better.



AMERICAN BANKERS
ASSOCIATION

*A bank loan helped bring a medical clinic
to Dotty Henschen's town.*



Of all menthol 100's: Iceberg 100's are lowest!

Only
4 mg.
tar.



Some low-tar cigarettes use artificial flavorings. Not Iceberg 100's. Get Iceberg 100's with only natural flavorings. A little tar, a lotta taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

4 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method

Archer Winsten is 72 years old. Obviously, he does not have as many goals in life as he once had, but one remains constant. In fact, it occupies his thoughts a lot from winter into spring. Winsten wants to win a gold medal in the giant slalom. Because there is no such thing as a Winter Olympics for septuagenarians—even if there were, he would probably not enter it, he's that kind of man—Winsten races against much younger skiers. As young as, well, as young as 2½ years old.

Winsten, a film critic for the *New York Post*, enters NASTAR races at Hunter Mountain, 2½ hours north of New York City. For nine years now, skiers have been thrashing through giant slalom gates in NASTAR races held on intermediate slopes at ski resorts across the country.

The NASTAR scoring system, copied from a French method, is ingenious, if imperfect. There are 76 U.S. resorts offering NASTAR, and they are divided into five regions. Early in the winter NASTAR holds a GS race in each region to determine handicaps for the fastest pair of skiers from each resort, who are called pacesetters. Only one skier, a gentleman named Chris Vala from Watfield, Vt., races in all five regions, and NASTAR uses him as a nexus to determine the fastest pacesetter. This year the pacesetter turned out to be pro racer Ken Corrock. Corrock received a zero handicap, and the others earned handicaps which directly represent their percentage slower than Corrock. Although they may not have raced Corrock, they have raced Vala, and Vala has raced Corrock. This isn't nearly as confusing as it sounds, and it works. The pacesetter runs his resort's course the day of each race, and, using this pacesetter's time and handicap, Corrock's suppositional time is mathematically established. This time is called "par" and is the standard (NASTAR stands for National Standard Race). When each NASTAR entrant races, he earns a handicap—his percentage slower than par.

The system is a bit like comparing football scores to show that Slippery Rock would beat Penn State by 50 points—and it doesn't provide for inconsistencies such as a bad day for the pacesetter, which would raise par—but ski racing as a sport of hundredths of seconds, and hundredths don't change percentages

Making like a giant in slaloms

The medals may be pins and the races easy, but everybody stars in NASTAR

very much. If Jones from Sun Valley has a handicap of 50 and Smith from Sugarhush has a 52, chances are Jones is faster than Smith.

Resorts offering NASTAR all stage weekend races, and many have one or more races during the week—Devil's Head in Wisconsin had nine NASTAR races a week. The entry fee is \$3 (\$2 for kids). Races start at 11 a.m. and are usually over by 3. Skiers can earn gold, silver or bronze medals, with performances weighted according to age and sex. For Archer Winsten to get a gold medal, he needs to lower his handicap to 35 from his present best of 57. (He's also in a race of his own: to get a gold medal before his 10-year-old grandson, who needs a handicap of 30.) As a plum, the two fastest skiers from each region, in each of eight age/sex classes—a total of 80 racers—get an expense-paid trip to Keystone, Colo. for the NASTAR finals next week.

There are some recreational skiers who see this whole NASTAR business as Mickey Mouse. These purists turn up their noses at NASTAR because they believe it interferes with the purpose of skiing, which is enjoyment in a free way and not being organized into competitions, let alone having the slopes crowded with Walter Mittys. A purist may suggest that

NASTAR has a lot of cheek calling the awards "medals" when they are not medals at all but small pins. To some, the skier who pins his NASTAR trophies to his jacket is like the person who plasters his car with bumper stickers. The NASTAR reaction is, who cares?

Few NASTAR racers—and there have been more than 450,000 of them—will knock the program. Says one, "I've been racing NASTAR a couple of years, and I've never felt like anyone was putting any pressure on me to join or become a racer. They're just providing the opportunity to do it if I want to. There's no prize else I can race. I don't care if the pins are cheap. Lots of people don't even claim the ones they win."

Tiny Bryce Mountain at Virginia's Shenandoah Valley is one resort that is excited about having NASTAR. There are only three slopes at Bryce, and their names are appropriate to the area: Red-eye, White Lightning and Revenuers' Run. Many of Bryce's skiers come from the South, and the atmosphere around the fireplace in the lodge is like that around the grease rack in Billy Carter's gas station.

It was at Bryce that the 2½-year-old, a little girl, raced a NASTAR giant slalom—with a pacifier in her mouth. And there is a plaque on Revenuers' Run in memory of one Al Conrad, a NASTAR addict in his fifties who used to do nothing but practice turns all day long, trying to perfect his racing technique (He died of a heart attack.)

The major NASTAR sponsor is Schlitz, which has been with the program from its inception; others are Datsun, Bonne Bell and Pepsi-Cola. This year Datsun has been hosting one NASTAR race at each of 10 resorts; it is paying the entry fees of many participants. One of those resorts is Bryce, where 113 racers competed that day. There was one lady in her forties whose last muttered words before she left the starting gate were, "I must be bananas." Having thoroughly psyched herself out, she fell in the second gate. Then there was a man, No. 113, who was asked, "Is that your age?" "No," he replied, "I was the 113th to sign up. That's how long it took my kids to talk me into this."

Afterward, the racers gathered at the bottom of the hill for the presentation of the pins: five gold, and 42 silver and

bronze. At the ceremony—Bryce's idea, and not a universal NASTAR function—there was a lot of vigorous cheering and clapping of gloved hands: whup-whup-whup. It was cold, about 10°, and windy. Think what it takes to get 100 people, most of them losers, to stand still in weather like that, for a ceremony in which a few people receive a hokey pin. Enthusiasm!

But that was Bryce. At Hunter, ranked seventh among resorts in the number of NASTAR entries it attracts, the racers are a different breed—more serious and less excited, fewer under 16 and over 30, let alone 40 and 50. At one Wednesday race during the January frigid spell, there were only 10 entrants. Seven of them won pins.

Dick Brown, who heads the racing office at Hunter, says, "Any skier who can make competent linked turns can run a NASTAR course. The turns are nice and round, and we try to create a rhythm to the gates: up, down, up, down. Some people are nervous at first, but it becomes a fun thing because it's easy. Yet it's extremely satisfying. I've seen it happen a lot where a guy will come out and run one race, and then he gets hooked. There are a lot of frustrated racers out there."

Expert skiers, and certainly racers, might find the giant slaloms less than thrilling, but NASTAR officials point out that, while the courses are comfortable for intermediates, "Nobody can run them flat out, experts included." "It's a fantasy trip," says one enthusiast. "Your arms are over the starting wand at the top and a guy goes, 'Racer ready: three, two, one, go!' You feel the wind in your face, anticipate the gates, feel your edges cutting the snow.... It's a rush."

For a real rush, a few resorts occasionally have dual-gate NASTAR races—that is, simultaneous, head-to-head racing like the pros. But for the most part NASTAR is a very individual thing: the object is simply to lower your handicap, which is one reason NASTAR is attractive to, say, 50-year-old women with a predilection for psyching themselves out. Of course, NASTAR is not free of pressure from the ego-stroke element—what competition is?—but the biggest strokes come from self-improvement, which is a whole lot more reasonable than getting satisfaction from beating someone.

Of all filter 100's:

Lucky 100's are lowest!

Only 4 mg. tar.

No fake flavorings!

LUCKY 100's

LOW TAR FILTER

100 mg. of nicotine average per cigarette

Some low-tar cigarettes use artificial flavorings. Not Lucky 100's. Get Lucky 100's with only natural flavorings. A little tar, a lotta taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

4 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Old Faithful.

Good Old Faithful. Always got you where you were going. Always did it economically. A whole generation of Americans grew up with Old Faithful. And now, 27 years and 33 million cars later, it's still a symbol of dependability and economy.

Now there's a car that's just as reliable and economical as Old Faithful ever was. It's New Faithful. The 1977 VW Rabbit. With engineering so advanced that automotive experts have hailed it as the kind



New Faithful.

of car Detroit will be building in the 1980's.

The Rabbit has a new fuel injection system, so it starts up quick as a bunny. Springs like one, too. 0 to 50 in just 7.7 seconds. The Rabbit also has advanced engineering features like negative steering roll radius to help maintain directional stability in the event of a front-tire blowout, rack-and-pinion steering for more direct maneuvering and better road feel and an independent stabilizer rear axle, low in-

unsprung weight, for better road holding.

New Faithful lives up to Old Faithful's reputation for economy, too. Because it has fuel injection, you can use the most economical grade of gas.* But you won't have to use it very often. Rabbit gets 37 mpg on the highway, 24 in the city (That's EPA's estimate for manual transmission. Your actual mileage may vary, depending upon your driving habits, your car's condi-

tion and optional equipment.)

Dependability and economy. That's what Old Faithful gave a whole generation of Americans. And that's what New Faithful is giving a whole new generation of Americans.

New Faithful. The 1977 VW Rabbit.

 **Rabbit**

One of the new generation Volkswagens

*California excluded.



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

Mutual funds, variable annuities and investment counseling, anyone?

Now this is one way to travel light

Frank Shorter has come up with running gear that is also dry, cool and warm

On the flight that Frank Shorter took from his home in Boulder, Colo. to New York for last October's New York Marathon, his seatmate, a running friend named Jim Lillstrom of AMF/Head in Boulder, asked where he could get comfortable, functional shorts. "I can't find them, either," Shorter said, "and I need them for my new running gear shop. The best come from Europe, but only in limited quantities, and they take months to get here." As legend will soon have it, the pair simultaneously shouted, "Hell, let's make our own!"

The two were joined by another businessman-cum-marathon runner, John Kubiak of Seattle, who designs and manufactures ski wear, and the three settled down to produce running clothes designed by runners for runners.

Whether they be joggers or world-class competitors, runners have long been dissatisfied with existing outfits. "My first time on an international team I just took my Yale running jersey, a typical fishnet nylon top, and turned it inside out," Shorter says. "I had someone sew the letters USA on it, and that's what I wore, plus a pair of my old shorts." Given a choice, runners prefer clothes made of "breathing" fabrics—those that let the body regulate its own heat and allow moisture to evaporate through a layer of ventilated fabric such as mesh or fish-

continued



Taking it all in stride, famed marathon man Shorter is suited up in his own race running gear



There's a penny-pinching pocket for key or coin



Ventilation is the inside story on the jacket



Shorter shorts and shirt weigh 6.24 ounces

net. "Wicking," as this process is called, helps keep a runner from getting wet and clammy. Weight is another concern. Shorter recalls one marathoner at the Munich Olympics who stayed up all night before the race, shaving milligrams from his shoes to make them lighter. Many runners are compulsive about carrying even an extra ounce. Think of it this way: a runner takes about 1,600 steps in a mile, so in a six-mile race he will take some 9,600 steps. Being burdened by an extra ounce will, in effect, mean lifting 600 excess pounds.

After returning to their homes, Shorter and his associates set about implementing their midair inspiration, and by December were ready to order labels designed by Lillstrom from a poster depicting Shorter in full stride. Kubak made patterns and samples in Seattle and sent them to Shorter for testing, and in February, Frank Shorter Running Gear made its debut at the Chicago Sporting Goods Show. The partners received \$10,000 in orders within three days.

"Most of them came from other runners who own their own shops," says Shorter's wife Louise. "They came and looked, and sat right down to write their orders. They knew what they were look-

ing for. On the other hand, the large department stores passed us by. They are not close to the sport and don't yet understand the special problems of runners."

Problems of weight and ventilation are solved in Shorter's AW50, an all-weather suit (50 stands for 50-50, i.e., unisex) made of tough but lightweight down-proof nylon, such as is used in ski clothing. The jacket weighs eight ounces, the drawstring pants, which do not creep up or bind around the leg, weigh 5.92. Fine, tightly-woven fabric of this quality stays soft and will not stiffen even in freezing temperatures.

Shorter, who runs 120 miles a week, sometimes trains at 10° below zero and recommends that in such weather one wear several layers under the AW50: long underwear, a turtleneck and a warmup suit. And he suggests wearing a wool cap under the detachable hood of the jacket, which also has a built-in face flap to cover the mouth. As the runner moves he may generate enough heat to soak the two inner layers of clothing, but moisture will wick out through the ventilated fishnet fabric on the back of the jacket. The sun, which costs \$47.50, is made in eight colors; for road running it is best to wear one of high visibility.

The sleeveless competition shirt called the Singlet GS26 (26 for the number of miles in the marathon) was designed for the sort of hot, humid weather Shorter encountered when he trained in Gainesville, Fla. Soft, lightweight nylon tricot across the upper chest and around the armholes prevents chafing, though for added protection Shorter still tapes his nipples. Fishnet around the torso helps totally ventilate the shirt. The Singlet, which costs \$9.50, weighs 3.04 ounces.

The shorts are probably the lightest made in the U.S. According to one runner, "It feels like I'm not wearing anything," but because, in this case, something is a lot better than nothing, there are attached underpants. These eliminate the need for separate underwear and minimize discomfort and chafing. The Shorter Short SS455M is indeed three-quarters of an inch shorter than standard styles (here the 455M indicates the average mile one has to run to achieve world-class time in the marathon). The shorts have a minuscule pocket with a Velcro closing, just large enough to car-

continued



High on a windy hill Jeanne Lillstrom, Lou Shorter and Cherie Bridges run in all-weather suits.

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DESIGN FOR SPORT *continued*

ry a key or a dime for a phone call if one is not obsessive about the extra weight. Men's shorts weigh 3.2 ounces, and for summer running the combined weight of the shorts, singlet and a pair of 10-ounce shoes adds up to slightly more than a pound—without a key or dime in the pocket, that is. The women's shorts, which are slightly modified for better fit, weigh 2.24 ounces. Each costs \$9.75. There is also an assortment of colored Shorter Running Gear T shirts made of 100% cotton, which go for \$4.50 each. And Shorter doesn't stop here. "We're even into socks now," he says, "from wool to pure cotton and cotton with Orlon. We agreed not to cut corners, not even on socks. Ours are bulky and absorbent. They're going to cost a little more, but they'll be worth it."

Because so many people have heard about the gear and have been trying to order by phone, the company has decided to put out a catalog, but customers have to be on the spot to take advantage of the shop's library specializing in books on jogging and training (for instance, *The Athlete's Foot*).

Shorter feels the shop is going to enable him to concentrate on training for a full year, or year and a half, before the Moscow Olympics. "That's what other people do. Apart from running, zero."

Shorter, a lawyer, has checked out the effect of all this on his amateur standing. "I can't let someone else pay me, and endorse things," he says, "but the AAU has said that as long as I have the principal financial interest in the store and actually work at it, it's O.K. This has been done in other countries for years."

Given the look of the market, the chances that the store will do well enough to let him take off are O.K., too. Running is becoming virtually the U.S. national amateur sport.

Lillstrom, whose title on the firm's board of directors is "Prince," is an example of someone now hooked on running. "I'd always considered myself to be a weekend athlete," he says. "But even a casual athlete can't limit his exercise exclusively to weekends because he's going to end up not being able to get out of bed on Monday. I didn't understand this until I was 30 or 31 years old. Then it finally dawned on me why I wasn't enjoying skiing as much, and why I was getting beaten at tennis. I wasn't fit. So two

Look for the Jack Nicklaus tag on the full line of Murray mowers at your dealer's, or write **THE MURRAY OHIO MFG. CO., BRENTWOOD, TENN. 37027**

years ago I began running to stay in shape for skiing and tennis.

"But running quickly became an end in itself. Last summer I played tennis just twice. Instead of playing in tennis tournaments, I entered a 10,000-meter race, two marathons and a 15.7-mile hill climb. Even so, it didn't occur to me until the end of the year that running was my sport. It is the kind of thing people take up to test themselves, the way people enter local tennis or handball tournaments, or NASTAR, if they're skiers.

"If one jogs regularly, whatever the weather, he will enjoy himself that much more. And eventually, for guys like me, running becomes a drug. We absolutely must have that 'running fix' or we hate ourselves. I can't think of anything I enjoy more than getting up on a nice crisp morning and going out 'cruising.' When I was training last summer in Boulder for my second marathon, I used to just take off straight up Flagstaff Mountain in a pair of running shoes and shorts and a jock, that's all. I felt like an animal. It's a nifty feeling. You do a little rock climbing, run through streams—it's called *fartlek* in Swedish, speed-play, a jaunt in the woods."

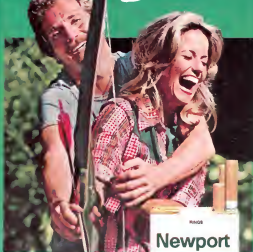
As for Shorter's running, he now works eight hours a day, but at odd times. "I set my work schedule around my training." The whole store, in fact, is geared to running. The employees work out their hours among themselves so they can all get their training in. A typical day in Boulder: salesperson and marathoner Cherrie Bridges runs to the shop. Shorter runs to the bank. New partner and Comptroller Rob Yahn runs to Shorter's house, while hill-runner Charlie Vigil runs the shop. Even Louise Shorter takes time from sewing and modifying samples to run about five miles a day. There is a locker/shower room for everyone to clean up in after all this. "It's the first thing we put in," says Shorter. "Even before the cash register."

Being participants in the sport, the group knows the gear better than anyone else. They all test the clothes that Kubiak makes, and everyone runs in everything. The board members even have business meetings on the hoof.

"That's a good time to talk to Shorter," says Lalstrom. But he adds, "After seven miles, usually Frank is doing all the talking."

END

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LOSERSVILLE,





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While Boomtown Atlanta grows in splendiferous ways,
Sportstown Atlanta attempts to
outgrow its shabby reputation **by ROY BLOUNT JR.**



CONTINUED

That cannonball coming through the stained-glass window?" cries noted sports mogul Ted Turner. He is referring to a siege-of-Atlanta scene in *Gone With the Wind*. "I'm tired of that stuff! Yankees think all this city does is get burned!



The Braves' Ted Turner (left) is suspended, while the Flames keep Cliff Fletcher in suspense

than Boston. In fact, the city's economic boom of the '60s and early '70s was largely founded on the status conferred by the baseball Braves, football Falcons, basketball Hawks and hockey Flames. But the teams themselves have almost every year been either financial or competitive dogs—or both. So much money and so many games have gone up in smoke that Atlanta's own sports pages have taken to calling the city "Losersville, U.S.A." It will be a neat trick if Atlanta manages to avoid losing at least one of its professional teams to some other municipality, perhaps a Yankee one.

This is especially embarrassing nowadays. With the nation's population and business shifting toward the Southeast, and the aforementioned *GWTW* pulling the biggest TV audience ever (until *Roots*, much of which was filmed in Georgia) and Jimmy Carter in the White House along with a horde of fellow Georgians, the eyes of the world are on Atlanta—Georgia's capital and the Deep South's big-league city. When Chairman Hua makes polite, or hostile, conversation by asking how the Falcons are doing, President Carter may be tempted to lie for the first time.

The unfortunate truth is, Atlanta may have taken on too many teams too soon. In a recent survey conducted by Philadelphia economist Bob McMahon, Atlanta ranked alongside Cleveland as the city with the worst attendance percentage in pro sports. The Braves' attendance dropped from 1.5 million in 1966—year one—to 535,000 in 1975, and the Falcons' average attendance fell almost 20,000 from 1966 through 1976. "Oversportsed" is a term heard these days in the city. If someone had come through town in the '60s selling memberships in the Holy Roman Empire, Atlanta might have signed up for one of those, too. When the Hawks arrived from St. Louis in 1969 the *Atlanta Journal* said in an editorial, "For a moment, we felt like a wife whose husband has brought her home 300 pounds of bass, and no deepfreeze. 'What are we going to do with all these teams?' we felt like saying." But the

Let's burn some Yankees! Let's..."

As he talks, Turner is going down the buffet line, waving a plateful of salad, in the Omni Club in Atlanta's lavish new Omni coliseum-hotel-shopping center complex. The other pre-hockey game diners chuckle and nudge each other. They seem appreciative, but not entirely convinced. Neither Yankees nor local folks can be faulted for seeing Atlanta as a city forever being burned in sports.

Although it is only the 14th largest marketplace in the country, and although its sole nationally known team before 1966 was the Georgia Tech football Yellow Jackets, Atlanta now has within its city limits four big-league franchises—one less than New York but one more

editorial went on to welcome the Hawks.

Then, three years later came the Flames, creatures of NHL expansion. Civic-minded persons are still fighting to lay off all of those fish. Not long ago Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson and Georgia Governor George Busbee called in the city's most prominent business leaders and prodded them to have their companies buy \$750,000 worth of expense-account hockey tickets for this season. So far all that money has been pledged—\$25,000 of it, astonishingly enough, was put up by the Flames players, on their own initiative. Some of the Flames have even indicated a willingness to accept salary reductions. When athletes start sacrificing their own money, you know things are perilous.

A great many Atlantans, however, fall back on hopeful assertions like, "Well, you know Coca-Cola isn't going to let this town lose any teams," and "Having the President from around here isn't going to hurt us, you know." (Actually the only professional sport President Carter seems to care anything about is stock-car racing.) The one person really firing any cannonballs or flinging any fish at the enemy, whoever he may be, is the energetic Turner.

Since buying the Braves a year ago, the peripatetic Turner has operated non-stop. He has ridden in a pregame ostrich race. He has run out and embraced home-run hitters at the plate. He has scattered scrip on the field for selected fans to gather up against the clock and then redeem for cash. There may be a certain daytime-TV vulgarity about Turner's promotions, but last year they increased attendance by 52% (to a still-low 812,000). He has also greatly improved the Braves on paper, shelling out enough money to sign free agents Andy Messersmith and Gary Matthews and to acquire Relief Pitcher Mike Marshall from Los Angeles and slugger Jeff Burroughs from Texas. "I'm just one of the guys," he says. "I tell them, 'I don't want to talk to any agents. If you and I were going fishing you wouldn't send over an agent to find out what kind of beer to bring, would you?'"

Turner also owns the UHF station that carries most of Atlanta's televised sports and an outdoor advertising company. He has helped keep the Flames going with sizable loans, and in January he assumed enough of the Hawks' staggering debts

purvair of free agent Matthews. No one has derived so much mileage from Kuhn's disapproval since the author of *Ball Four*. Atlantans rallied heartily, or frantically, around the only owner in town who puts out for them. Mayor Jack-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN ARMYTAGE



Mike Storen (left) wants to shake up the Hawks; Rankin Smith's Falcons are shaky enough

to take over controlling interest in that club. Unlike his lodge brothers, Turner doesn't claim to know much about baseball, basketball or hockey. So, accompanying him into the Hawks' front office was an entirely new element for the team in Atlanta—a good basketball man. Former ABA Commissioner Mike Storen runs the Hawks for Turner as president and general manager. Storen has already shaped up the members of the Hawks' office staff, some of whom "weren't necessarily coming to work in the morning," he says.

Turner's biggest coup, however, was his recent one-year suspension from overt baseball activity by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn for excessive eagerness in

son and other civic leaders carried a pardon-Turner petition of 10,000 signatures to a conference with Kuhn, who at the time had yet to declare when the suspension would begin and was already saying he might reduce it to half a year. When Kuhn ignored that petition, the Braves' board of directors went to court for an injunction against the suspension. Turner is reveling in the controversy; in truth, he is committed to spending the summer away from baseball anyway, sailing the yacht *Courageous* in the America's Cup trials.

"Don't you think you're spreading yourself too thin?" a reporter asked Turner the other day.

"Oh hell, yes," he answered happily.

continued

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6. Riding Comfort	33	17
7. Handwriting Test	27	23
8. Quietness	35	15
Driving		
9. Cornering Ability	28	22
10. Right Front Visibility	35	15
11. Parking Brake	36	14
12. Windshield Washer Operation	48	2
Quality		
13. Door Solidness	34	16
14. Carpeting	40	10
15. Upholstery	24	26
16. Sun Visor	30	20
17. Stereo Performance	37	13
18. Trunk Carpeting	48	2
Convenience		
19. Door Handle Operation	38	12
20. Rear Door Window	48	2
21. Glove Compartment	49	1
22. Window & Door Lock Controls	35	15
23. Ash Trays	23	27
24. Assist Straps	21	29
25. Front Center Arm Rest	46	4
26. Key Design	45	5
27. Interior Lighting	41	9
28. Spare Tire Convenience	47	3
Six Passenger Comfort		
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Trunk Capacity		
30. Spaciousness/Convenience	48	2
Superior overall	37	13



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LOSERSVILLE continued

Turner seems to rejoice in desperate situations. "It'd be easier to get Hitler elected President of Israel than to bring the Hawks back!" he cries along the buffet line. "But we're going to do it. I wouldn't've taken over the Confederate Army until we were on the steps of the courthouse at Appomattox!"

Tom Cousins, an Atlanta real estate developer who sold his interest in the Hawks to Turner, recalls that one day he walked into Turner's office "and his whole face was a scab." I said, "What in the world happened to you?" He pulled a baseball out of his desk drawer. It was covered with blood. What had happened was that he'd had all these events between the Braves and the Phillies before a game, dribbling a basketball around the bases and things. The last event was rolling a baseball from base to base with your nose. None of his players wanted to do it. So he did it. And the ball apparently got off in some gravel. He beat the Phillie guy hands down."

It's going to take a lot of hard-nosed rooting to turn the Atlanta sports situation around. The Braves have a long way to go from last year's sixth-place finish. The Hawks are struggling out of last place in their division. The Flames are one of hockey's youngest teams, and while they show promise and should make the Stanley Cup playoffs, they are not quite the Montreal Canadiens. The Hawks are likely to cost their investors over a million dollars this season, and the Flames the same. And the Falcons—the most groaned-about organization of all—declined to give Joe Thomas, who rebuilt the Baltimore Colts, enough control over the operation to entice him into their front office as general manager, settling instead for retired Quarterback Eddie LeBaron, who had been out of football for 13 years.

Atlanta has dynamism like Boston has beans. It bristles with downtown Kubla Khanian new hotels, jut-jawed new office buildings, diverse and fancy new places to drink, eat, shop, get your shoes shined toplessly and listen to live music. How can such a town's sports have become so deflated?

One thing to bear in mind is that while Boomtown Atlanta is too substantial to be called a bubble, it does enfold a number of vacant spaces. There are literal

holes at the Core of Atlanta—the Underground, for instance. Years ago, a stretch of downtown was developed along a viaduct built over railroad tracks, leaving a sub-street-level cavity that for decades was a murky refuge for winos. In the '60s this pocket of the past was transformed into a manifold arcade of restaurants, souvenir shops and niteries. For a time Underground Atlanta was a cavern bustling with street life; lately, however, locals say that they leave it to "the tourists and the muggers."

The first one of those Hyatt House Regency hotels with the lobbies that go straight to the roof was built in Atlanta. People have committed suicide by jumping from their floors to the lobby. Now subway tunnels are being dug downtown. A city like, say, Cincinnati is what it is—chunky, unrefined. Atlanta has these interesting recesses.

And it currently is in a big recession. The impressive skyline, as chockablock as it looks, is in fact something of a soufflé. Although it can by no means be dismissed so flatly as Gertrude Stein dismissed Oakland, there is less there than meets the eye. In the '60s when Atlanta was the hottest growth town in the country, too many office buildings, apartment houses and hotels were built. It will be a long time before all that space is filled. Some landlords are now offering a year's free rent on a five-year lease to lure tenants from other buildings. At least one vaunted development complex would now be bankrupt if the banks holding the mortgage could afford to take over the burden of its deficit.

The town's real estate speculators are also sucking wind. Many of them invested their big '60s profits in land lying farther and farther out in surrounding areas. When tight money and realism hit, the speculators were left holding big debts and wide-open spaces that nobody will be building on soon. This arrest in development also hit the construction industry hard, and resulted in large-scale unemployment.

Like its real estate boom, Atlanta's sports boom required leaps into space. Mayor Ivan Allen began to construct a stadium in '64 before he had a reliable commitment from a football or baseball team. Charles Finley, then in Kansas City, and the Bidwell brothers of St. Louis had said they would deliver the A's

continued

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and the football Cardinals, respectively, but backed out. For a while it appeared that Atlanta might have a ghost stadium, with kudzu growing on the fences and the bums from Underground Atlanta sleeping in the dugouts.

As the stadium began to take concrete form a number of teams did pay Allen court, but not too generous court. To get the Braves to move from Milwaukee before the 1966 season, Allen agreed to pay their moving costs and any legal bills and also granted the team all the revenue from the stadium concessions. The NFL then saw that the AFL was about to enter Atlanta and slipped the Falcons into the city under the younger league's nose. Unfortunately, the management that got the NFL franchise was hurriedly formed and turned out to be hollow.

Rankin Smith, then president (since demoted) of Life Insurance Co. of Georgia, was a leading supporter of University of Georgia football. ("President of the Bulldog Club," he says.) He had considerable inherited wealth and was big in civic affairs. He was also the former college roommate of Carl Sanders, then governor of Georgia and a leader in the sports-import movement. Smith recalls, "One evening the governor called and said, 'Come out here, I've got to talk to you.' I said, 'It's rush hour.' He said, 'Be out here in five minutes.' I had no inkling of what was going on. Got to the Governors' Mansion, and they said I was to make a pitch to Pete Rozelle about getting an NFL franchise. They needed an individual who had a local identity and could afford to take on 51% I tried to ask a few questions and got nowhere. They'd say, 'You don't have to worry about that.' Little did I know."

"That's an old story in this town," says Atlanta saloonkeeper and maverick politico Manuel Maloolf. "The power structure in this city always comes up with simplistic answers and tells people what to do."

In the beginning, the Falcons, who have always made money, sold plenty of season tickets to corporations and to upper-class families who rode buses to the stadium from their private clubs, the wives in the same sort of dressy dresses and crisp corsages they wore to Tech games. But the Falcons have seldom played good football, and their management has rarely, if ever,

made a move that was not criticized and second-guessed.

Smith bungled at the outset when he signed his first head coach. He could have had Paul Brown. But an even bigger figure—reportedly and presumably Vince Lombardi—said he would take the job. Then, after Smith had rejected Brown, the bigger figure changed his mind. Again Atlanta had come up empty. "I couldn't go back to a man like Paul Brown and say, 'O.K., I changed my mind, I'll take you as my second choice,'" Smith argues. So he signed Norb Hecker, a Lombardi assistant, even though Lombardi had told Smith that Hecker was not ready for a head coaching job. Lombardi turned out to be right.

Hecker was followed by Norm Van Brocklin, who rebuilt impressively up to a point, but alienated his black players and the press with his high-handed ways. Van Brocklin called himself "a pinnacle of power that will never be toppled" and got pugnaeous in press conferences. "If any of you guys wants to fight," he told one bemused gathering of scribes, "let's stack furniture."

"Sometimes he could charm you right off the field," says Smith. "But... his human relations were nil."

Meanwhile Smith's president, a C.P.A. named Frank Wall, was making stylish gestures like throwing a copy of the Atlanta Constitution at the feet of one of its writers, spitting on it and saying, "That's what I think of your story."

Smith himself once tried to give the team a pep talk. "I've only been to the dressing room once," he admits. "I'd had a few beers, I guess. I wasn't drunk, but it was bad enough that I'd had a few beers. I went down and cussed out all the players. I haven't been back since."

Smith says the Atlanta media give him such a hard time because "they've never been able to get my goat. And that burns them." But last season Smith characteristically allowed himself to be drawn into a halftime radio interview with *Journal* sports columnist Ron Hudspeth and delivered a loud foolish tirade against Hudspeth and his paper.

"My kids read about me," Smith sighs, "and they say, 'Is that my dad?'" He says the only reason he puts up with the abuse he gets as the Falcons' owner is so he can pass the business on to his sons. One of them, Rankin Jr., 29, recently re-

placed Wall as club president, with Wall becoming vice-president in charge of finance. "We need leadership," says Smith Sr. Unfortunately, the void does not appear likely to be filled soon.

As for the Hawks and the Flames, when they came along they were thrown into a gaping hole. Tom Cousins owned vacant acres in downtown Atlanta, where railroad yards had thrived in the days when Union Station was the city's economic and geographical heart. Cousins wanted to protect his investment against central-city decay, so he brought in NBA and NHL teams and built the Omni—a futuristic arena without a bad seat—for them on this property.

"My whole and sole reason for ever getting involved in sports in the first place was real estate reasons," Cousins says. Until the last few months, when the financial drain forced him to dispose of his interest in the Hawks and turn his personal attention to the Flames, he put "not an average of 10 minutes a month" into either team.

"When we bought the Hawks from Ben Kerner," he says, "the organization was supposed to come intact. But I found out that Kerner himself had really been running this organization he'd told me about. I'd never seen a pro basketball game myself. The only guy I'd ever heard of was Wilt Chamberlain."

In St. Louis, the Hawks had been perennially strong. In Atlanta, they have been below .500 six years out of nine, and this season will make it seven of 10. They tried to build around Pete Maravich, but later traded him for draft choices that were supposed to turn the franchise around. Then they let the ABA's Denver Nuggets take those drafties, David Thompson and Marvin Webster, away from them. The city has not forgiven the Hawks for failing to sign Thompson and Webster. "The press never misses a week but what they mention that," says Cousins. "They'll say, 'Turner may buy the Hawks (who didn't sign Thompson and Webster).' They must have mentioned it a thousand times."

The Flames, a bustling, competitive team in a sport Atlanta doesn't know enough about to expect much of, have enjoyed a more sympathetic press and in fact have drawn well, everything considered. Significantly, the Flames, unlike the Falcons and the pre-Steven Hawks, be-

continued



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gam with an experienced hockey man as president and general manager. Cliff Fletcher, who learned his hockey from Sam Pollock in Montreal and later from Scotty Bowman in St. Louis. Fletcher's first move was a public-relations coup: He hired Boom Boom Geoffrion, the former Montreal star, as the Flames coach and Geoffrion's rapid Gallic monotone helped sell the game. If it weren't that pro hockey everywhere is in terrible financial shape, the Flames would be something of a success story. As it is, though, they have already lost Cousins and seven other investors roughly \$5 million. They're averaging 9,900 spectators a game, down from a high of 14,153 in 1973-74, their second season in Atlanta, but need an average of 13,000 to break even. And his real estate debts being what they are, Cousins has no real estate profits to cover his sports losses. Whereas Turner can write off his sports losses against his TV and billboard profits. With his empire in trouble, Cousins now refuses to pose for pictures.

At any rate, all four of the city's sports operations have in one sense or another been stopgaps. Too little informed effort having been put into making them fixtures, they have themselves become gaps, soaking up money and leaving the city's sports fans wondering why they should support losing teams.

It is not as though Atlanta is historically a bad sports town. From 1904 to 1966 Tech's football teams under Head Coaches John Heisman, William A. Alexander and Bobby Dodd were to Atlanta what the plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides were to ancient Athens. Tech kept producing national powers studded with All-Americans while priding itself on high academic standards and a gentlemanly approach to the game. Tech's fight song, *I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech and a hell of an engineer*, sprang to Atlanta-area children's lips as readily as *Dixie* or *Jesus Loves Me*.

Along about the time the big-league teams came in, however, the Yellow Jackets coincidentally lost their magic. The school that was inclined to consider itself too good for the Southeastern Conference—and went so far as to resign from the SEC in 1964 on grounds of academic incompatibility—became mediocre on the playing fields. Atlantans now

buy Falcon season tickets, try to find neighbors who will use them, and whoop it up for the Junkyard Dogs of the University of Georgia, 65 miles away in Athens. The void left by the fading of Tech's White and Gold mystique might be filled by an exciting Falcon team, but the Falcon management seems content to keep a football-hungry town scraping along at a bare subsistence level.

Atlanta loved baseball in the old days, too. Minor league baseball, "I always wanted to grow up," says a former Atlanta newsmen, "so I could come to Atlanta and ride the trains and cover the Crackers. Then I grew up and both of them were gone." Down through the years the Crackers were one of the winningest teams in the minors. Start talking sports with anyone who was raised in Atlanta, and before long he is likely to reminisce about old Poncey, as the Crackers' now-demolished Ponce de Leon park was called.

Eddie Mathews was a Cracker. He once hit a ball all the way to the top branches of the big magnolia tree on the crest of the center-field hill. The Crackers also had luminous oldtimers like Dixie Walker, Hugh Casey and Whitlow Wyatt. And Ralph (Country) Brown, who roamed the center-field hill in such legendary fashion he didn't need to make it to the big leagues. And Bob (Der Tag) Montag and Ebba St. Claire and Gene Verble. It gives townspeople a sense of identity to have heroes that the rest of the country never heard of.

For a big game the Crackers would draw 12,000, which meant fans would be standing all around the arc of the outfield, which merged into the countryside. Up on the hill beyond the right-field signboards was a railroad track. You would sit out in the left-field seats betting on what the next pitch was going to be and people would tell you stories.

"Saw a man hit a ball traveled 400 miles here once."

"Did?"

"Yeah. Hit it all the way up to the tracks there, landed in a train that went to Memphis." Sometimes the trains would stop there so the engineer and the brakeman could watch the game. Now jets fly a couple of miles over the heads of fans in sterile, circular Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium (no nickname) and nobody even waves. When the Crackers left

and the tax-supported Braves arrived, it was like asking people to trade a perfectly good old pickup truck and a whole lot of money for a new Maserati that wouldn't run.

The Braves did win the National League West one year, 1969, but they looked bad while losing three straight to the Mers in the playoffs. Hank Aaron would hit a clutch double that stayed about seven inches off the ground for 400 feet, but then some other Brave would throw the lead away with a dumb fielding error.

Aaron—thanks to Turner's sense of what is symbolically important—is now a Braves executive, the director of player development, but he never liked playing in Atlanta. He chased Ruth's record before sparse crowds, people figuring the chances of seeing the Braves blow one were considerably better than seeing Aaron hit one. Aaron even got death threats. When he went to the Milwaukee Brewers two years ago, he told reporters it was nice to be back in the major leagues.

That is just one of the embarrassing things Atlantans can look back on as they sit in Atlanta Stadium and reminisce. Braves fans ought to talk about the days when they had Aaron, the way Yankee fans do about the days when they had DiMaggio. But the team and the fans weren't good enough to establish an Aaron legend, except for memories of the hoopla and television on the night of his 715th.

Then there was Richie (or Dick) Allen's point-blank refusal to play in Atlanta, popular hero Rico Carty being beaten up by Atlanta policemen, old favorite Eddie Mathews being fired as Braves' manager and Construction Sports Editor Jesse Outlar being shut by a mugger as he left the stadium after a Falcon game.

No wonder people in Atlanta would rather talk about Ponce de Leon and the Crackers. "I was a barboy for the Crackers," recalls Rankin Smith. "Handed bass to Johnny Hill and Prince Henry Oana. Before that, when I was 6, 7 years old, I used to go to the game with my chauffeur. I'd be the only white boy sitting in the right-field bleachers. That was back before the days of muggers. No one would bother me. You know what they'd get to chanting out there? I

don't know whether you can say this now, but when they wanted a home run what they used to chant—the black bleachers were always full—was, "Feed one to us niggers!"

Yes, sir. The old boys out in the seats along the left-field line used to call the seats across the park, with no sense of grudging irony, "the nigger bleachers." At least Atlanta Stadium can say it doesn't have those

But it doesn't have many black fans in it, either. The city's population is more than 50% black. Mayor Jackson is black, and there are more black millionaires in Atlanta than in any other city. (One of them, Herman Russell, has had the opportunity to lose money on investments in the Hawks and Flames.) Atlanta's early '80s city-too-busy-to-hate image has been dispelled as the city has matured into standard urban problems, but you see more racially mixed tables in Atlanta's restaurants than in most cities. Some residents boast that there is more interracial socializing in Atlanta homes than anywhere in the country, and even when there is no Muhammad Ali fight in town, Atlanta's avenues and lobbies may have the world's highest concentration of black people who look like they must be TV personalities. Atlanta has a real, even if exaggerated, tradition of racial progressiveness, just as it has a real, if currently suspect, sporting heritage.

Yet, professional sports in Atlanta have so far been racially divisive. The Hawks had led their division the year before they came to Atlanta, but with a nearly all-black lineup, and they averaged only 3,900 paying spectators in their first season in town. Maravich was drafted in 1970 and paid a then-extraordinary salary as an obvious white draw, but most of the black stars on the team resented it. Discord resulted, and before long blacks Joe Caldwell and Bill Bridges were gone. Maravich—partly, no doubt, because of the difficult racial situation he had walked into—never did find himself in Atlanta, and then he was gone, too.

Through it all the Hawks never drew well, and when the Flames were a box-office hit in their first few years—doubling the Hawks' attendance—people said it was because hockey is a white game. And Atlanta must be a redneck town.

It's true that people who grew up in

the largely ice-free Atlanta area were unlikely to have a natural leaning toward hockey. They didn't have as much of a leaning toward basketball as Charlotte or Louisville, but they had experienced it, at least on the high school level. Apparently they would rather watch a Canadian do something they only vaguely comprehended than watch a black American do something they used to try to do through hoops nailed to their garages.

"Well, why don't the blacks support the Hawks, then?" white Atlantans are heard to grumble. (Interestingly enough, Cousins says the Hawks' crowds are about 15% black, one of the lowest black percentages in the league. Storen says 25%, one of the highest in the league. White Atlantans who stay away from Hawks games are likely to tell you that the percentage is as high as 60.) "And how about these black kids trying to get you to pay not to have the air let out of your tires when you park around the Omni?"

A city with so many holes in it, pumped up with boosterism and speculation, can ill afford to let noxious racial fumes expand. But anybody who is about to write off Atlanta sports on racial grounds ought to go to the wrestling matches. At both the Omni and the 3,500-seat Municipal Auditorium, wrestling draws not only capacity crowds but also the most integrated audiences you will see anywhere. Integrated not only as to race but also as to age and sex. You will see young white men, old black women, black families of four, and white high school girls all slapping each other on the back and chatting and cheering for the good guys and booing the bad guys whether bad or good be black or white. Somehow all these bizarre porcine figures flinging each other in and out of the ring arouse the kind of transcendent affection that real sports are supposed to. "When we get a winning team in here," says Storen, "people won't care who they're sitting next to."

As a matter of fact, the new Atlanta is not enough of a Southern town for many longtime residents' tastes. Oh, it can be down-homey in flashes. You see a round-faced man in a hotel elevator who says, "It never ceases to amaze me the way these things operate. I don't get to ride 'em much back home. We

got one at the chemical company where I work, but it's only three floors and there's a sign tells you not to ride it unless you got freight. Or a heart attack." Or when a waiter drops a tray loaded with three or four big breakfasts between two tables in the coffee shop of the Peachtree Plaza Hotel, the tallest hotel in the world, and the first thing anybody says is "Bless your heart." And then the hostess comes over and consults with everybody at both tables about the best ways of removing grits and syrup from rugs and moldings.

But more and more, Atlanta is a town of regional headquarters for major corporations. "You have a tremendous amount of—for lack of another word—foreigners coming into Atlanta," says Rankin Smith. "I mean Northerners. All the ethnic groups. And blacks off the farms. Try to find a native Atlantan." A good percentage of the hockey crowd, for instance, seems to be transplanted from old hockey cities. When the Bruins come to town, people hold up signs saying hello to the Boston TV station. The "foreigners" in Atlanta can't be expected to have much sentimental interest in Atlanta's teams. And longtime residents haven't gotten over their emotional involvements in Georgia Tech football and the Crackers.

Another demographic consideration in Atlanta is that many of its citizens can afford to boat or hunt or play golf or tennis, rather than go into town and sit among a lot of sweaty hollering fans. Many other Atlantans can't afford to buy tickets. There aren't as many people between these extremes as there are in most cities. Atlanta is a town of executives and poor people. Blue-collar people are traditionally strong attenders of professional sports. Atlanta has a blue-collar gap.

Gaps, gaps, gaps. All these gaps create anxiety, but they also breed new forms of life. In what other town could Ted Turner have flourished so broadly so fast? "At least all the gloom and doom makes people pay attention to Atlanta," he says. "Either be the very best or the very worst, and people will always remember you."

The night Turner was holding forth in the Omni Club, a dumpy man in a nice suit kept interrupting. For a while Turner indulged this man, then he started listening to him.

continued



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The man was saying he owned 157 corporations that grossed \$1,640,000,000 the previous year. Yes, \$1.64 billion. He was Earl Thomas, out of Ohio, and he was 56 years old, and his holdings, he claimed, included European soccer teams, the Columbus Owls (a minor league hockey team in Ohio) and the ground Madison Square Garden once stood on. He and his son and their attachés were in town, he said, to buy the Flames. For cash. He'd been negotiating all day to buy them, he said, and it looked like the deal would go through, if he could lease the Omni building and the concessions along with the team.

Turner gave Thomas a sampler of the Apple Jack Tobacco he was chewing. "I have an option to lease the Omni," Turner said.

"My lawyers say you don't," said Thomas.

"Yes I do," said Turner.

"Well, I'll take you to court then," said Thomas. They were glaring at each other nose to nose, both having a fine time.

"And I'll squash your tail, too!" cried Turner. "Hey, you're not spitting. You're swallowing. You're tough, Earl!"

"I told Boom Boom Geoffron a minute ago," Thomas said, "Tell those boys to play their hearts out, because there's a short, bald, white-headed fat man up there who's going to keep them in Atlanta."

Turner insisted that Thomas accompany him to his box. The son and the attachés didn't seem to like the idea, but Thomas went anyway. "Here's a fat cat" Turner announced to the sizable crowd milling about in his box. "Remember, Earl, I was nice to you when I thought you were drunk. Last year Earl made—what was it, \$164 million?"

"You dumb bleep, \$1.64 billion," said Thomas amiably. He confided that he was moving his headquarters to Atlanta. He also predicted Fulton County was going to legalize pari-mutuel betting.

"I don't know if that's a good idea," said Turner. "I'll have to speak to the governor."

Thomas said it was a good idea and that he was going to be buying land around Fulton County where people could keep their racehorses. Neither he nor Turner was paying any attention to the hockey game.

Turner sent word to Cousins that the

man who was talking about buying the Flames was in his box. Cousins hustled over, looking like a man who wouldn't mind talking to a hockey buyer with \$1.64 billion.

"O.K., Turner, where is this guy?" said Cousins.

"He's disappeared," said Turner. Thomas had gone off into the hockey crowd with his son and attachés. Cousins said he'd never heard of him, much less ever negotiated with him before.

A few days later the story went out over the AP wire from Columbus, Ohio, that Thomas was out to buy the Flames. Cousins still hadn't heard from him. It was a mystery. Maybe Thomas had disappeared into one of the gaps. Maybe a cannonball had hit him. It was a shame, if only because he and Turner had so much fun together.

Currently, the city Sherman burned is promoting itself as "Atlanta, a city without a limit." To be sure, Atlanta is an almost futuristic setting compared to the brown-shoe downtown of 10 or 12 years ago. Maybe all those glittering overheads and expectations create a vacuum that nature is bound to fill. But it takes more than a setting to produce sports teams that people will take to their hearts.

"You've got to have a winner," says Rankin Smith. "Turner can get out there and smile and ride ostriches all he wants to, but if he doesn't give the fans a winner he's going to be the next Rankin Smith."

Tom Cousins admires the success of wrestling. "But that's programmed," he says. "How do you program sports?" The fact that you can't is what makes sports more interesting than wrestling. You can build them up, though, if you take them seriously, and don't just use them as urban-development stepping stones.

If it is going to count on the new President for help, Growth City Atlanta might well reflect on two things he said in his Inaugural speech: "We have learned that 'more' is not necessarily 'better,'" and, "We can't afford to do everything."

Then again, who knows? Maybe President Carter will talk Chairman Hua into putting some money into the Flames. If not... Where are you, Earl Thomas? And watch out everybody, don't stand next to that stained-glass window. **END**

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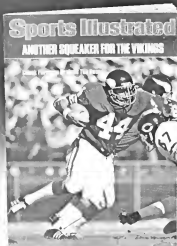


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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 7-March 13

PRO BASKETBALL—With Bulls' Zammit's scoring total of 341 points, Horowitz went last tonight to move ahead of Washington and take over first place in the Central Division for the first time since Dan 28. Cleveland dropped two games and continues to have ground ahead as far as San Antonio makes it up. The Spurs stretched their winning streak in six as Gregory Gervin scored 34 and 29 points in wins over Cleveland (106-100) and Phoenix (122-115). The Nets' playoff finisher, last year's second seed, lost to the Suns and moved in last in the Pacific seven games behind fourth-place Seattle, which won three of four. But without Bill Walton, Portland lost three times and fell four games behind division leader Los Angeles. One of the Trail Blazers' defenses was a 108-104 setback in New York in which the Knicks' Earl Monroe scored 24 points plus two more for Portland. As time ran out, Earl shot a 10-foot jumper through the wing hoop. Although the basket had no bearing on the outcome of the game, the NBA conducted an inquiry into the incident because the shot affected the point spread. Monroe subsequently was cleared of any wrongdoing. Dennis D. Phelps Thompson outplayed Bulls' Eric Rountree, but Philadelphia prevailed 125-125 in double overtime.

EGWING—Top-ranked DICK RUTIGER of Iowa Falls, Wis., 38, won his 19th PGA title and \$14,000 in defeating Rex 5 Sunday 377-196 in the AMF Pro Classic in Garden City, N.Y.

BOKING—JOSE CLEVELAND signed his WBA welterweight title knockout on Miguel Campanero of Argentina in the second round in Mexico City.

OAKES—Thirty-eight-year-old Rick Weintraub of Phoenix, N.J., won the ninth annual L.S. Open and \$5,000 in New York.

GOLF—ANDY BLAN celebrated his 26th birthday by shooting a final round 72 to win \$40,000 and his first tournament, the David English Open in Miami. Leading from start to finish, Blan triumphed with an 11-under-par 277 one stroke ahead of David Graham.

GYMNASTICS—Seventeen-year-old KATHY JOHNSON of Mississippi, La., and MITSUO TSUKAHARA, 29, the Japanese Olympic winner, won the American Cup competition in New York.

HOCKEY—NHL Off the ice, President Clarence Campbell announced the formation of a fact-finding committee to investigate the possibility of a merger with the WHA. On the ice, the 18 teams settled down to the

hurdling playoffs for playoff positions. In the Adams Division, Buffalo won with Boston in the battle for first place—and also won tonight by tie in the opening round of the playoffs—by sweeping three games, including a 4-1 triumph at Philadelphia. Toronto also won at Philadelphia 4-2 then routed a 2-2 tie with Montreal on their last game, good with 1-4 to play and could tie from both as Mike Palmieri scored his 14th goal. Montreal won in two games. Montreal recovered quickly by passing Colorado 7-1 and Chicago 5-1 in leading victory. Guy Lafleur picked up eight assists. Pittsburgh 4-2 proved behind the Canadiens in the Norris conference clinched a playoff spot by taking three games, in long-out-of-stride of the season. Philadelphia remained four points ahead of the second-place Flyers in the Patrick, where the final playoff battle was the struggle for third place—and a Stanley Cup berth—between Atlanta and the New York Rangers. The Flyers whipped the Rangers 6-1 in Atlanta to open a four-point lead then extended it to six points by annihilating the Rangers 5-1 in the next night at Madison Square Garden. St. Louis scores instead of a playoff spot in the Smythe but only 10 points separate second place Chicago from last-place Colorado. The Black Hawks were losing 10-0 in the third game of a seven-game set of 1-2.

WHA—Winning's Andrew Blooming scored two goals during his league-leading 104 in 11 as the John Belts Colgate 4-1. Frank Hughes, third goal game Phoenix 3-4 overtime defeat of San Diego. The Mustangs' 10-3 straight game without a victory. Western Colorado leads Houston-owned Edmonton 5-0 and Carolina 5-0 to extend its home-ice winning streak to 17 games and its first-place lead to 42 points over Winnipeg. In the East Quebec's Brian Cloutier scored his seventh hat trick of the season as the Nordiques swept Phoenix 3-2. Cloutier has 31 goals and 81 assists for 114 points, tops in the league. Vancouver head Edmonton 3-2 and Calgary 5-3 to extend four-point lead of Indianapolis in the battle for second place.

HORSE RACING—COINED SILVER (140) and BLUE'S NATIVE (140) won the 26th Florida Derby race in two divisions for the first time. Coincided Silver Back Thoroughbred took the first division of the 16-mile test for 1-year-olds in 1:40.9, and Blue's Native, with Craig Perret riding, was timed in 1:50.1.

With Steve Cogan up, SEATTLE SLEW last year's top 2-year-old became an even better Kentucky Derby favorite after winning Haskell's seven-furlong Flamingo Hoofbeat in track record 1:20.9.

TRUCK FAMBURINE (152) Angelo Evandro in the

1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 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3641, 3642, 3643, 3644, 3645, 3646, 3647, 3648, 3649, 3650, 3651, 3652, 3653, 3654, 3655, 3656, 3657, 3658, 3659, 3660, 3661, 3662, 3663, 3664, 3665, 3666, 3667, 3668, 3669, 3670, 3671, 3672, 3673, 3674, 3675, 3676, 3677, 3678, 3679, 3680, 3681, 3682, 3683, 3684, 3685, 3686, 3687, 3688, 3689, 3690, 3691, 3692, 3693, 3694, 3695, 3696, 3697, 3698, 3699, 3700, 3701, 3702, 3703, 3704, 3705, 3706, 3707, 3708, 3709, 3710, 3711, 3712, 3713, 3714, 3715, 3716, 3717, 3718, 3719, 3720, 3721, 3722, 3723, 3724, 3725, 3726, 3727, 3728, 3729, 3730, 3731, 3732, 3733, 3734, 3735, 3736, 3737, 373

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE NCAA IS INNOCENT
Sir:

Your red-tape award (SCORECARD, March 14) was given to the wrong association. What's more, I don't think it was deserved.

I issued that memorandum, not on behalf of the NCAA, of which I am director of public relations, but on behalf of the College Sports Information Directors of America, of which I am a member. The NCAA does not run the affairs of CoSIDA.

The purpose of the memorandum was to gain feedback from CoSIDA's NCAA and NAIA members concerning committees on which they would like to serve, with the hope of involving more of them in the workings of the organization. I am happy to report that the response has been good.

DAVID E. CAWOOD
Chairman

CoSIDA Committee on Committees
Shawnee Mission, Kans.

• SI regrets the mix-up —ED

RAY OF SUNSHINE

Sir:

Thank you for the wonderful article on the Orangemen (*The Color for the Orange Is Gray*, March 7). Now maybe the city of Syracuse will be famous for more than snow and air conditioners.

DAVID RING
Laguna Hills, Calif.

Sir:

What is Barry McDermott, a sportswriter or an amateur weatherman? He doesn't have to tell the nation that Syracuse is a dismal place in the winter. This is the Northeast, baby! It snows up here.

As for the fans, show me a basketball arena where the fans don't get a little rowdy and obnoxious, and I'll show you a team that is destined for mediocrity.

DAN BARNWELL
Fayetteville, N.Y.

BARONS IN THE RED

Sir:

Peter Gammons' article on the Cleveland Barons (*Cleveland's Not Barren*, March 7) is definitely offends. To say that the Coliseum "is somewhere between Akron and Nune, and inaccessible by public transportation" is to take a cheap shot at one of the best sports edifices in the world. It is time the NHL realized that it can no longer sell itself on the basis of the prestige of the league. What it must sell is what every city wants: a contending team. The Barons are a young, exciting and improving club, but they are also in last place. Mel Swig should be happy that atten-

dance has averaged a little over 5,000 per game. He came to Cleveland with huge capital and did not promote the club. He must have thought that the Cleveland fans would come running to the Coliseum to pay inflated prices just for the honor of seeing NHL hockey. The fans in northeast Ohio proved to Swig that they are not so dumb. All the NHL proved to Cleveland is that it is just as bush league as the WHA.

RICHARD COREND
Berea, Ohio

Sir:

Thanks for the article on the plight of the Cleveland Barons. Throughout this troubled season they have played with a professional pride that is rare in sports these days.

JEFF COOPER
Woodstock, Vt.

AHEAD OF THE PACK

Sir:

That was the greatest cover ever for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (March 7). Jockey Steve Cauthen has youthfulness, vitality, dedication. He is a winner in many ways.

CALVIN R. RUSBYON
Mount Vernon, Ga.

Sir:

Well, your cover has done it again. On March 4 I saw this headline in *The New York Times*: CAUTHEN GOES 9 FOR 7.

BRYAN COWAN
New London, Conn.

AT THE HEAD OF THE LAMBS

Sir:

I often wondered if there was more to Earl Anthony than his Ebonite bowling ball and five-step delivery. Now I know (*The \$100,000 Bowling Machine*, March 7).

JAMES R. KELLEY
Albany, N.Y.

Sir:

Lane Stewart's photograph of Earl Anthony taken from behind the pins has got to be the most fascinating and explicit picture I've seen in quite some time. The look on Anthony's face alone offers a perfect illustration of the intense concentration of bowling's toughest competitor.

DAN FELLNER
Tempe, Ariz.

Sir:

One statement in the article is in error. To adjust the weighted balance of a bowling ball by "drilling holes and filling them with weight," as your story suggests, is forbidden under the long-established rules of bowling. I have already posted a notice in my shop that I cannot, and will not, do this for any bowler and have also clipped out and posted

the American Bowling Congress rule concerning balls for use in ABC competition.

DUDEY (DUD) SMITH
Jacksonville

• Bowlers may adjust the balance of a ball by drilling holes to reduce its weight, but they may not add weight —ED

BON APPÉTIT!

Sir:

Seven years ago my father introduced me to the merits of natural foods, vitamin C and sprouts. In these days he was called a health-food nut. Now he is in tune with the times. J. D. Reed's article on athletes and their diets (*They Hunger for Success*, Feb. 28) may make the cynics take note. Those who are quick to mock may eventually climb on the bandwagon.

JUDY SOLED BORTMAN
Sunnyvale, Calif.

Sir:

In 1918 the late Dr. Irving Fisher, a professor at Yale University, persuaded the Yale football coach to try an experiment. The Yale players were placed on a strict vegetarian diet for several weeks and then were pitted against the varsity, who kept to their regular "balanced" diet. The rookies were found to have substantially greater endurance than the meateaters. Perhaps the conventional training-table diet should be reexamined.

MARILYN K. BIGELOW
Honolulu

Sir:

I read the article with great enjoyment, because it dealt with a number of individuals, not just one man's theory. But let me say a word for all of us steak lovers out here. All I ever read about are vegetarians knocking beef for its hormone content, but I have to wonder about a diet containing large quantities of commercially grown fruit sprayed with pesticides, fish that can have toxic levels of mercury and pesticides, and so on. I really got into the organic thing a couple of years ago, but sooner or later one arrives at the conclusion that everything has something in it that isn't good for you and, more to the point, something that is good for you. A balanced diet and exercise are still No. 1 and always will be.

GARY HAYMOND
Oak View, Calif.

Sir:

Los Angeles Ram Defensive End Fred Dryer said it best: "Nearly everything we've told about food and nutrition is nonsense." Various "experts" claim different breakthroughs in a variety of areas, so the general public is confused.

FIAT ANNOUNCES A \$400 FACTORY REBATE ON THE '76 FIAT 131.

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19TH HOLE continued

confounded. When will we come to the realization that there is no cure-all?

BRIAN C. BENEDICT
Sayville, N.Y.

Sir

Regarding Jockey Johnny Sellers' method for keeping his weight down, I am surprised that any physician would endorse "flipping it." I shudder to think what constant induced vomiting must do to the nervous system. Sellers says jockeys are the most nervous athletes he has seen. Small wonder!

TERRY TAIL M
Stamford, Calif.

Sir

J. D. Reed's article was one I could really relate to. But I was disappointed when he said, "Nowhere in sports is weight more critical than on the scale before a horse race." Weight is at least as critical in wrestling. Before each match, a wrestler has to "make weight." If he does not make it, he has one hour in which to lose his excess pounds. He does it by running laps with layers of sweat suits on, chewing gum and spitting, or putting his fingers down his throat and throwing up, all of which I have been a part of or have witnessed. After the wrestler makes weight he can then "chow down," for he has another hour before he has to wrestle.

KEITH ZACHARIAS
Addison, Mich.

Sir

Wrestlers will do almost anything, regardless of the danger or deprivation involved, to cut those pounds.

SCOTT ONILER
Lompoc, Calif.

Sir

J. D. Reed's article called to mind a remark by Mark Twain: "If you can't make 70 by a comfortable road, don't go." Steamed broccoli and broiled halibut are okay, but give me a Pepsi and steak any day!

LARRY D. FOX
South Pittsburg, Tenn.

TABLE TALK

Sir

I was impressed with Ron Reid's coverage of the banquet circuit ("In the Spirit of Joy and Some Joy of the Spirit," Feb. 28). I missed the 41st Annual Dapper Dan Man of the Year Banquet, but when reading about it in *SI*, I felt as though I was there.

WILLIAM P. BALLOT
Pittsburgh

Sir

We were gratified that you recognized our awards dinner as the "granddaddy" of all sports banquets. I would like to mention that 25% of the proceeds from this annual affair is given to the Touchdown Club of Washington charities, which provides thousands of dollars for scholarship funds, the fight against dread diseases and the support of underprivileged children.

One clarification is in order, however. The

article said: "For the athletes, the banquet heat can also be very lucrative. The esteemed Washington Touchdown Club pays up to \$2,500 to ensure the appearance of its Timmie Award winners." This statement has been interpreted to mean that we pay fees for our winners to appear. This is not true. The club reimburses winners for all of their out-of-pocket expenses, i.e., air fares, hotel accommodations and meals. But I can assure you that we have never reimbursed an awardee for anything approaching \$2,500.

Your readers might also be interested to know that the person appearing in the photo with Billy Carter is the Honorable Ray Blanton, governor of Tennessee.

ROBERT M. JOHNSON
President
Touchdown Club of Washington
Washington, D.C.

FOREIGN INVASION

Sir

Hooray! The Clan has been recognized. Thanks for the article on Simon Fraser's swim team (*Blue Is It Simon-Pure?*, Feb. 28). The people of Vancouver and B.C. are very proud of the job the team has done in a short time.

LARRY WEINBAUM
Delta, British Columbia

Sir

More than 500 American colleges belong to the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics, an American organization, and I feel strongly that they are the ones who should be competing for NAIA titles. If Simon Fraser is being boycotted in Canada, let it clean up its act and participate in the Canadian playoffs. I have no objections to Simon Fraser meeting American teams during the season, but when it comes to national championships, it should compete for the Canadian title and we should be competing for the American title. As far as I am concerned, Rockhurst College of Kansas City, Mo., is the American NAIA soccer champion.

HAL BIDON
Soccer Coach
Missouri Southern State College
Joplin, Mo.

POOR BUTTERFLY

Sir

The "Society Against Foolish Preservation of Species," of which I am a member, has put the *El Segundo* Wren on its list (*Its Fate Is Up to the Air*, Feb. 28). When a handful of "scientists" who enjoy studying the differences in the genitalia of blue butterflies can stop a project that will create many jobs and assure adequate air travel for the future, then it is time that the rest of us be heard.

Surely there are other very similar little blue butterflies scattered in numbers over the earth. What really is the justification for protecting this species? Thanks for bringing this ridiculous situation to our attention.

GORDON G. BLACK
Menlo Park, Calif.

continued

Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg. cigarette	nicotine mg. cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.6
Brand C Non-Filter	23	1.4
Brand W	19	1.2
Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg. cigarette	nicotine mg. cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mid	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 1	0.1

*As per cigarette by FTC method.



Soft pack-1 mg.
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box²-less than 1 mg.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of all brands, lowest: Carlton 70: less than 0.5 mg. tar,
0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report DEC. '76.

Soft Pack and Menthol 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report DEC. '76.
Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

THE RED HORDE

Sir:

My brother Bob and I, plus brother Ted, and Frank McGinn were on the plane returning from another trip to Club Pucallpa when the issue of *SI* containing Clive Gammon's article on our July trip (*A Fish Story That Was All Too True*, Feb. 14) was handed to us by the stewards. Most of us had just spent a few days off Jicarón and Hannibal Blank experiencing the very thrills we were reading about. The sharks are still there, as well as the Red Horde, except the Horde was on the surface. Never before had I said a prayer for a brand-new plug not to be taken, but this time I did because of the "bird's nest" in my reel. My prayer was not answered, however, because five seconds later that plug was gulped, the rod bent double, the line stretched and broken—and goodby \$5.

We had seven rods rigged for action, but the guide couldn't keep up. Soon all seven were out of action with broken lines. On the last day other fishermen in eight new Mako 25-footers were circling the same area and having the identical problem of broken tackle. Still, we filled up the fish box.

FRED GORE
Chicago

Sir:

Thanks for the fish story. Clive Gammon shows imagination and creativity. Plus, he is good.

TOM JOLLY
Alexandria, Va.

GRAB LOVERS

Sir:

I read the article *What's That Coming Out of Your Shirt?* Oh, it's Just Jo-Jo (Feb. 14) by Dan Levin with great interest. In 1971 I spent more than five months in the Florida Keys, observing and investigating hermit-crab behavior as part of a National Geographic grant project. I fully agree with Glen Spence that these crabs should receive some protection from man's ever-increasing encroachment on their environment.

JIM RISTINE
Gardens, Pa.

Sir:

The world has at long last found a hermit-crab lover. Just reading about Glen Spence, one forgets, for a moment, the atrocities that have been committed against wildlife. Albert Schweitzer would no doubt be proud of the companion.

NAN DALEBOLT
Newport Beach, Calif.

TENNIS ON ICE (CONT.)

Sir:

It is clear from the letters you have published (Feb. 21) that the game of tennis on ice is not a Russian invention, but it goes back much further than your readers attest. Since no one else apparently has done so, let me point out that the idea goes back at least to the invention of lawn tennis in its modern form by Major Walter Clopton Wingfield in 1873 in their book *The Game of Doubles in Tennis*, William F. Talbot and Bruce S. Old quote from Wingfield's original booklet:

"All these difficulties have been surmounted by the invention of 'Lawn Tennis,' which has all the interest of 'tennis,' and has the advantage that it may be played in the open air in any weather by people of any age and both sexes. In a hard frost the nets may be erected on the ice, and the players being equipped with skates, the Game assumes a new feature, and gives an opening for the exhibition of much grace and science."

LESLIE H. AULT
Closter, N. J.

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THE **LONGEST** FIGHT ON RECORD WAS BETWEEN JACK BURKE AND ANDY BOWEN IN NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, APRIL 6, 1879. THE BOUT WAS RULED **NO CONTEST** AFTER **110 ROUNDS** (7 HOURS, 45 MINUTES)!



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"SUNDAY PUNCH!"



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Cadillac  1977



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